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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	237
The Contested Elections	239
Prize Novels	241
The Pamir	241
The Currency Correspondence.....	242
The Bishop of Chester's Scheme Again	243
Nature and Art.....	244
Jilted!	244

MISCELLANEOUS—

Dance Music on Sundays.....	246
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Money Matters	247
Sketches of Student-Life in Milan .	248
The Storm of Maidstone	249
A New Gospel of Criticism and —	250

REVIEWS—

Mr. Stevenson's Foot-note to History	251
Aunt Anne	253
History of the New World	253
Novels	255
The Land Systems of British India	256
Two Medical Books	257
A Manual of Musical History.....	258

"The Grasshopper"	258
A History of St. Ives, &c.	259
A Rare Caxton	259
The Art and Science of Mountain Climbing	260
New Winchelsea	261
A New Geological Map of Scotland	261
Essex	261
Invertebrate Physiology	262
French Literature.....	263
New Books and Reprints.....	263

ADVERTISEMENTS	265-268
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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

ALTHOUGH for the present the main strife was over, the main battle done, before the end of last week, there were considerable remnants of interest. Most of these centred round the Newcastle contest, which has been fought very hard. Mr. MORLEY did much speaking this day week, and, among other things, requested his hearers to "forget my poor name and position. I am nobody; I am nothing." This is "your poor unfortunate faithful MORLEY" with a vengeance. Mr. LABOUCHERE wrote to a correspondent that the QUEEN had objected to his being a Minister, and by so doing most amply justified HER MAJESTY's objection, whether it was ever made or not. The subsequent developments of this affair are curious, and receive attention in their place. It was said that Mr. HERBERT GARDNER was to be Minister for Agriculture. Nobody has worked harder to Gladstonize the agricultural labourer than Mr. GARDNER, and he deserves his reward; but we must say, in justice to him, that there stands against him no sheer lying like that which won East Wilts, and no such disgraceful attempts to stir up an English Jacquerie as have emanated from a certain notorious centre in Warwickshire. Subsequently some interest was felt in the announcement that prayer-meetings have been held for Mr. MORLEY's success. But readers who have not forgotten their MACAULAY will remember how "the King of Prussia and his soldiers spent about an hour praying and singing psalms before they engaged the enemy." If FREDERIC II., why not Mr. MORLEY, who is a much better man? Meanwhile Mr. GLADSTONE's only other general found himself saddled with a contest *pour rire* (except as far as the trouble and cost go) against that remarkable person, Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, at Derby. Perhaps this as well as other seats might have been contested with advantage, but not by Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, and so the Derby Tories appear to have thought. It was a little superfluous of Sir WILLIAM to go all through Mr. ATKINSON's absurdities on Monday, and when he said that, if the late Government wanted explanations in Parliament, they had only to go out and ask questions, he presumed a little on the sympathy which his present position may attract. Men who chuckled and sat silent when they were dared to attack

might easily have laughed in their sleeves and sat silent when they were asked to defend.—Lord HOUGHTON and Mr. MORLEY (the latter intermitting his Newcastle campaign) were sworn in at Dublin on Monday.—On Tuesday Mr. GLADSTONE babbled of green fields—that is to say, kitchen-gardens—at Hawarden, and Mr. MUNDELLA thanked the goodness and the grace that had made Mr. MUNDELLA a Cabinet Minister once more, at Sheffield. Mr. H. FOWLER distinguished himself at Newcastle by talking of "BURKE, MACAULAY, and GLADSTONE," and Mr. MORLEY was exceedingly impressive about the Valley of the Dark Shadow. Indeed, there has been a sort of gloomy grandeur mixed with pathos about Mr. MORLEY throughout this contest which is a little puzzling. Was it the prayer-meeting? Mr. STANHOPE took leave of the War Office in a memorandum referring, not in the best taste, to "attacks." We are all attacked, and only poor creatures make poor mouths over it. Wales, it seems, is not satisfied with the very rapid and not excessively well-earned promotion of Mr. T. E. ELLIS, and her OSBORNE MORGAN's wounds rankle in her breast. It is pointed out that twenty Welsh members "make the majority." Why, so they do; and so do any other twenty—by which means it will be quite easy to prove that every Gladstonian M.P. ought to be a Cabinet Minister. Mr. DILLON has been boasting in Ireland about the understandings he has received, and a great deal of hard guessing has been made at these understandings; while Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, writing on the subject much as he might be expected to write, has been furiously fallen upon by the *Daily News*. Can it be possible that that newspaper desires Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER as a correspondent? Or is this the ever-famous "small-boy-in-the-crowd" proceeding to cover the singular silence which it has observed as to a certain other matter much more interesting and actual?

Elections.

Eight unopposed returns were made on Tuesday. Seven of them were Ministerial, and the eighth was Lord CHELSEA's at Bury St. Edmunds. The Lichfield re-count increased the Unionist majority to eleven, but there are other points for the judges. On Wednesday six unopposed re-elections, including that of Mr. GLADSTONE, took place, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT came in at Derby by nearly five thousand votes. There were five more re-elections

on Thursday, and the polling at Newcastle took place; but the result was not declared till yesterday. Mr. MORLEY kept his seat by a considerable majority.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The most interesting part of the foreign news of this day week concerned the Labour troubles in the United States, and especially the sort of minor civil war which had been going on in Tennessee. In this district the Militia were reported as having got the better of the miners after heavy losses on both sides. Next to this, and perhaps before it in real importance, were the reported expressions of the German EMPEROR against shortening service in the German army.—More despatches on the Fez Mission were published last week, in one of which Lord SALISBURY, speaking perhaps for the last time at present as Foreign Secretary, referred with dignified but significant restraint to the “misrepresentations which from the first compromised the Mission’s success.”—The foreign news of this day week was rather abundant in bulk; but, after the wont of holiday intelligence, it “boiled down” to very little, the component parts being chiefly gossip rather than facts about Afghanistan, the Congo, Count CAPRIVI, Indian silver, American Labour troubles, and other things. It appeared that the fire at Grindelwald, though destructive, had been less so than had been at first reported, and that the good fussy persons who are going to hold a “Reunion Conference” there will, after all, find where to lay their amiable heads.—The Swaziland question, one of real moment, had come up again in South Africa according to the news of Tuesday; but otherwise the recent heat-wave on the Continent, and the deaths from it, were the chief of the diet of students of telegrams that day.—The most important part of Wednesday’s news concerned Afghanistan, whence it was reported that the AMEER’S troops had defeated the Usbeks, that he himself had made formal complaint to Simla against Russian aggression, and that orders, according to the usual Russian fashion, had been given to entreat Afghan fugitives kindly, and keep them in a cool barge for future use. Cholera, heat, and other, mostly evil, things filled up the tale.—On Thursday definite statements, which we discuss elsewhere, were at length made as to the collision between Russians and Afghans on the Pamir. An Eight Hours Bill had been rejected in New Zealand; there was talk of reopening that grave for men, money, and reputation, the Panama Canal, and fresh details about heat and cholera on the Continent arrived. Special precautions were being adopted at Grimsby and the other English ports which have to do with Hamburg, where the disease had appeared.—Except that the French were cautiously advancing in Dahomey, and that Captain LUGARD, after entirely pacifying Uganda, had left it for the coast, there was little in yesterday morning’s foreign news.

Honours and Appointments for a clerical error in last week’s *Saturday Review*, by which he was described as “Mr.” HERTSLET, previous to his promotion in the Order of the Bath. If it be necessary to adduce any proof that this was accident and not ignorance, it will be found in a review of the excellent book we then cited, published no longer ago than July 23.—With the beginning of this week the tap of Unionist honour and profit was turned off, and that of Gladstonian consolation was turned on. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, too proud to take the Judge-Advocateship with half salary, has taken a baronetcy, and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR and Mr. CYRIL FLOWER have been made peers. It is understood that Sir LYON’S advancement is a lesson to Universities, and that Mr. FLOWER typifies the affection of the new Government for poor but honest toil.

Racing. There was racing at the end of last week at Colwick Park (Nottingham) and at Portsmouth (as well as at Deauville, across the Channel), but

neither meeting calls for detailed comment.—At the first day of the York Meeting, which opened on Tuesday in magnificent weather, the filly racing was interesting. Lord ILCHESTER’S Florrie won the Lonsdale Stakes very well, and Mr. FENWICK’S Gantlet the Yorkshire Oaks still better, while Mr. FOSTER’S Queen of Navarre carried off the Prince of Wales’s Plate from a fair field of two-year-olds.—Next day the principal race of the meeting, the Ebor Handicap, was won by Mr. DYAS’S Alice, who beat, under a heavy weight, Sir R. JARDINE’S St. Benedict and a field including Ragimunde, Colorado, Houndsditch, Workington, and other good horses. The win was a very good one, and it is a pity that there should have been some grumbling about the recent positions of the winner in the betting.—The Gimcrack Stakes on Thursday were well won by Mr. JOICEY’S Peppercorn; but the race of the day, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, dwindled into a mere match, which was won by Mr. HOULDSWORTH’S Dunure as he liked.

Cricket. If the Somerset Eleven were cast down by their ill luck with Surrey at the beginning of last week, the end had no small consolation in store for them. They overthrew—not by luck, but by sheer play—the strongest county Eleven in England by an innings and 122 runs. This result was mainly due to the extremely fine hitting of Mr. HEWETT, Mr. CHALLEN, and Mr. V. T. HILL (who, against longer odds, repeated his success against Cambridge), and to the extraordinary bowling of TYLER, who took nine wickets for 33 runs, in the second innings of Notts.—This day week Surrey beat Gloucester, practically, in one innings, the few odd runs being obtained without the loss of a wicket; Yorkshire and Kent drew, and Middlesex defeated Lancashire by nine wickets.—Two very interesting matches were decided on Tuesday. Surrey beat Lancashire by seven wickets, and Somerset got the better of Middlesex by seventy runs, despite a fine innings of exactly that number from Mr. T. C. O’BRIEN in the second attempt of the beaten county. For Somerset Mr. HEDLEY, Mr. PALAIRET, and Mr. CHALLEN did most of the run-getting; but the bowling and fielding of Somerset were even better than their batting.—Both the important matches which lasted into Wednesday were drawn, that between Kent and Sussex being saved by Mr. BRANN’S double innings of over a hundred each time against the great Kentish score of 422 for once in, whereof Mr. LE FLEMING had contributed 134. The other match, Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, had been much interfered with by rain on Tuesday, and was in a pretty even position.—There was a great deal of hard hitting in the various matches which began on Thursday, especially at Taunton, where Yorkshire made 299, and Mr. HEWETT and Mr. PALAIRET, in one of their remarkable partnerships, hit up 78, both not out, for Somerset before stumps were drawn.

Yachting and Boating. Unusual interest attached to the last match, this day week, of the Royal Dorset Regatta, when the *Iverna* and *Meteor*, which had up to that time tied with fifteen wins each, were to meet for the last time. The odd trick went, as it should have done, to the English boat, and the excuse that the German made a bad start seems weak. *Queen Mab* had the best in the special match for racing forties, and in the handicap for all yachts the *Creole*, also a forty, won.—The Torbay Royal Regatta had an interest of its own, for the *Iverna* having, as far as Channel racing goes, struck her flag, room was made for the *Meteor* among the forties. The big cutter however proved, in a day of difficult sailing, unable, not merely to give her smaller comrades the heavy time allowance (nearly half an hour), which they could claim, but even to make much play with them at level points. She might have done better if she had not lost her jackyard topsail,

but as it was she came in some minutes behind the *Corsair*, and not much in front of the *Queen Mab*. The *Reverie* won a cruiser's handicap.—On Monday the "National Regatta," started a year or so ago in the hope of taking away the late abiding disgrace of English professional rowing, was repeated, and there was some fair work both with oars and sculls—the open sculls going to BUBEAR of Putney, a known man. But the most promising display was made on the second day in the Coxswainless Fours, and in the sculling race limited to competitors who had never won a 50*l.* prize. This latter was carried off, in capital form, by FORDHAM, a boy of nineteen, from Cambridge, who has time to make himself a real waterman. In the second day's sailing of the Torbay Regatta the *Meteor* once more stooped to the second class, but was even more unlucky, running her bowsprit through the *Lorna's* mainsail, and having to give up. The *Thalia* took the prize in the racing class, and the *Reverie* again won the handicap.—There is talk of a match at Paris, in October, to be arranged between the London Rowing Club and the Cercle de l'Aviron.

Correspondence. A painful, and we fear we must say discreditable, correspondence in regard to Sir PETER EDLIN's position was published this day week. The discredit of it partly attaches to the late Government, which left Sir PETER to the tender mercies of the County Council, but the bulk of it rests on that body itself. Sir PETER's manner may not have been conciliatory nor his conduct wholly wise, for quarrelling with your bread and butter is always foolish, and a man should either take the pay assigned to his office, or resign it. But in his case, even more than in that of Captain SHAW, the Council has shown its utter unfitness to be the master of gentlemen and its jealous disgust at gentlemen who do it service. The Bishop of CHESTER followed up his "Drink" letter of some weeks since with another on the same subject, and, as a sign and symbol of the opening for good of the "silly season," letter-writers were allowed to revel in boots, billiards, Boothiana, earthquakes, glanders, clergy fees, *und was sie wünschen*.—The deluge of correspondence on the subject of clergy fees was, or should have been, last week arrested by an intimation from a firm of solicitors that legal proceedings were being taken against the chief agitator.—On Tuesday morning there was brisk taking up of the Bishop of CHESTER's renewed challenge by the teetotallers, who seemed to think that the question was settled by that austere abstainer, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's description of the trade in liquor as "devilish."—The caution of the solicitors above mentioned abated not the manly rage of the clergy fee disputants, and Indian silver was very much with us.—There has been much writing about the Labour party and the Eight Hours business.—A vacation battle for the relief of vacant minds has been opened on the subject of the respective value of the pictures of nature and art; and Mr. WALTER WREN has characteristically proposed to do away with a little more of the now rare picturesqueness that diversifies dull modern life by abolishing "punnets," "mollies," "trunks," &c., in the fruit and fish trades, and reducing everything to the desert flatness of the standard pound.

Miscellaneous. There were collisions this day week at Clapham Junction and on the Great Eastern Railway; Mr. ASQUITH was summoned in the name of "this Methraupolis" to allow rioting in Trafalgar Square, the voice of gallant little Wales asked for "more," and the Army manoeuvres followed the example of the Naval manoeuvres by coming to an end.—It was announced on Thursday that the WHITWORTH Trustees had bought the late Mr. FREEMAN's historical library for presentation to Owens College, Manchester, which city seems to be in for a series of book windfalls.

Obituary. Dr. DRYSDALE was a Liverpool homœopathist of some eminence; Mr. FELIX JOSEPH, an expert in bric-à-brac, who had been very liberal to provincial museums; Cardinal FÜRSTENBERG, one of the few Prince Bishops left in the world in our day.—Mr. GEORGE HOLLOWAY, a great manufacturer in the West, whose severe illness probably lost him and his party the seat at Stroud the other day, died this week.—Mr. HENRY GRAVES was, in age, importance of business, and historical connexions, quite the *doyen* of English print-selling.—Marshal DEODORO DA FONSECA, of whom nobody out of Brazil had ever heard four years ago, had since that time earned himself a place in story—first, by turning out Dom PEDRO, and "making a monster out of a man"—a republic out of a monarchy—then by undergoing the usual penalty of such achievements, and being turned out himself.—Sir ROBERT HARLEY had done good service in the Ashantee war twenty years ago.

THE CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has shown himself throughout this week in so subdued a mood towards political opponents that it is easy and pleasant to condole with him on the singularly vexatious opposition to his re-election. He is hereby, as they say in court-martials, condoled with. There can be few Unionists in or out of Derby who will be disposed to deny that Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON's candidature has illustrated in an extreme form the abuse to which the law requiring the re-election of members of Parliament who have taken places of emolument under the Crown is liable. There are notorious circumstances which make it very difficult to comment with any freedom on the conduct of Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON. Fortunately for us, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made it unnecessary that whatever comment we do offer should go into details. Availing himself to the utmost of his rights under the rules of the game, he told the whole story of Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON's dispute with himself and difficulties with the SPEAKER. This was, perhaps, not quite magnanimous; but Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON had no right to complain if the game was strictly played against him. He has openly avowed that his motive in opposing the absolutely certain return of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was revenge. This he could only secure by putting Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to trouble and expense by a manifestly frivolous and vexatious opposition to his re-election. Whether the law of which Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON took advantage ought to be repealed is doubtful, in view of the circumstances of a conflict now in progress elsewhere. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's own party had no scruple about availing themselves of it when Sir JAMES FERGUSON succeeded Mr. RAIKES at the Post Office, and on other occasions. But in the present case the contest has been forced on by an absolute abuse of the law. We hold to the faith that the enemy should be fought on every opportunity; but the Unionists of Derby who thought that a contest imposed by personal and confessedly malignant eccentricity ought to be considered as an exception to the rule, and so abstained from the poll, were fairly justified. The occasionally unreasonable but not unamiable sympathy of Englishmen for a little man who knocked about in a fight, even of his own provoking, probably secured Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON his sixteen hundred odd votes.

It is a curious coincidence that, while the contest, such as it is, at Derby has shown the working of the law at its very worst, the opposition to Mr. MORLEY's re-election illustrates its absolutely legitimate applica-

tion. The contention that more harm than good is done by compelling a newly-appointed Minister to seek re-election may be supported by strong arguments. But, since it is the law, it may fairly be put in force where the miscalculation or remissness of one party has allowed the representation of a two-member constituency to be divided. On the most severe Liberal principles Newcastle has a good right to insist that it shall be represented by members who will support the opinions of the majority of its voters. The result of the contest at the General Election amounts to proof positive that, if two Conservative candidates had then stood, Mr. MORLEY would have been defeated. He has not denied that the opposition to his return is absolutely fair. His speech last Saturday was clear on that point. If Mr. MORLEY was conscious of any grievance, he did not attribute it to any abuse of their opportunities on the part of his opponents, but to the law itself, and to malignancy of the nature of things. From the tone of this speech, and others which have followed, it may be gathered that he was acutely conscious of the "cursed spite" which has doomed so good a Liberal to find himself in peril of losing his seat through the votes of a steadily growing Conservative party. In spite of that assumption of confidence which is becoming to all candidates, Mr. MORLEY has manifestly been depressed, and his depression showed itself in a certain pathos which, if it was sometimes affecting, was not always quite dignified. There were touches in his speech which reminded the reader of an animal with which so well read a man is certainly well acquainted. You may turn me out if you like, said Mr. MORLEY, but please do not do so.

The sentimental mood was, indeed, very strong upon him. It is easy to understand why Mr. MORLEY did not adduce reasons for not turning him out drawn from the merits of the policy he has joined the Cabinet to apply. The policy of the Ministry for the time being is not to have any, and the best graced speaker soon arrives at the end of the contention that he must be left in the position to help the best of Prime Ministers to do something not specified in any detail at a later period. But the matter Mr. MORLEY used to supply the place of the policy he could not produce was better qualified to touch the sentimental feelings of his audience than to produce an impression on their reason or to damage his opponents. That Mr. MORLEY has always been an orthodox Radical, and friend of the people, may be convincing reasons for supporting him in the opinion of his firm supporters. It is not likely to move those electors of Newcastle who voted for Mr. HAMOND at the General Election either because they do not like Mr. MORLEY's Radicalism at all or because they do not think it of the right kind. His touching picture of himself as engaged in carrying a flag of truce to Ireland, and his appeal to the electors not to strike it out of his hand, drew cheers in the Town Hall; but it must have been directed in vain to those who either do not like the purpose for which the flag is carried, or are absolutely indifferent because they have causes of their own which they wish to see attended to first. The steady progressive growth of the Conservative vote in Newcastle and the revelation of the unexpected extent of that growth at the last General Election have seemingly had a depressing effect upon Mr. MORLEY. His courage was apparently exhausted by his resistance to the Labour party. In his interview with Mr. CLERY, of the "Civil Service Federation"—which, by the way, was cautiously made private—Mr. MORLEY appears to have condescended to buy the votes of discontented public servants by promises of consideration and inquiry, which were assuredly understood to indicate a disposition to satisfy them at the

public expense. The Temperance legislation, theoretically so dear to the Liberal party, has been kept in the background out of regard for the feelings of some of the Elswick workmen in a fashion which ought to be thought offensive by the audiences at the prayer-meetings which were to pray Mr. MORLEY in, but will probably be overlooked by them in consideration of his little love of the Church of England.

Those electors of Newcastle to whom we referred as having objects of their own more dear to them than Home Rule have played a conspicuous part in this second election. The Labour party has been busy with both candidates, and with different degrees of success. We do not find it so easy as the Labour party have, to judge by their ultimate decision, found it, to decide how far they have succeeded in extorting satisfactory assurances from Mr. RALLI. They say that he has promised to support an Eight Hours Bill for miners "publicly and formally." From Mr. RALLI's own words it appears that he has only promised to support it if the miners wish for it, without specifying whether by miners he understands the whole body in all parts of the country or only a majority of them. There is nothing in Mr. RALLI's words incompatible with the supposition that his attitude to the Labour party is that one of "sympathy" recommended by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. This may be amiable, but it is compatible with a fixed disposition to oppose the wishes of the Labour party when they are definitely formulated. The leaders of the Labour party in Newcastle must be well aware that a promise to give the miners by law what the great majority of them already possess by private arrangement, though it is a surrender of principle, may in practice be found to commit a candidate to very little. Their determination to support Mr. RALLI may be attributed to their adaptation of the well-known policy of the Temperance League and other fad-mongers. They support Mr. RALLI in order to punish Mr. MORLEY for refusing to have anything to say to their shibboleth. Mr. MORLEY's own attitude was commendably honest and outspoken. He will hardly expect us to grow ecstatic in admiration of his firmness in standing by his principles when solicited to turn his coat by a body of electors whose votes are, in all probability, insufficient to decide the election. The Labour party, moreover, is divided, and Mr. MORLEY has the support of part of it, headed, we observe, by Mr. WILSON, "Labour" member for Middlesboro', who has been convinced of the candidate's orthodoxy since he finds him favourable to the payment of members. It is an extraordinary proof of the length to which the practice of toadying knots of unscrupulous voters has been carried that Mr. MORLEY has been praised for abstaining from meanness which ought to be held to be on a level with cheating at cards as highly as if he had shown the most exalted heroism. His interview with the deputation on Saturday was chiefly remarkable for the contrast between it and Mr. GLADSTONE's famous encounter in Carlton Gardens. Mr. GLADSTONE contrived to manœuvre the spokesman of his deputation into a damaging confession that he was prepared to accept a reduction in wages as the price of a statutory limitation of the hours of work. Mr. MORLEY extorted from his spokesman a hardly veiled confession that he expected to see wages fixed by Act of Parliament. The contrast between the two views is one more example of the incoherence of ideas of the so-called Labour party, and may surely serve to give candidates the easy courage to refuse to submit to their dictation.

PRIZE NOVELS.

A FRENCH monarch once remarked, with kingly frankness, that he did not like buffoons who failed to make him laugh. It is, perhaps, our fault, it is certainly our misfortune, that some at least of *Mr. Punch's Prize Novels*, by Mr. R. C. LEHMANN (BRADBURY & AGNEW), do not make us laugh. They rather suggest the most sombre reflections on parody and burlesque, and on the art of diverting in these fields of fancy. Mr. LEHMANN's book may, and we hope will, entertain other students from cover to cover. Every one has his own taste in jokes. But the humour of too much of the volume appears to us to be mechanical. Mr. LEHMANN's usual plan is to insert a crowd of references to various works by his author, to mix them up, and stir them round, season with a few favourite expressions, or patches of style, and end—nowhere. Thus, if we take Mr. STEVENSON's example (which is, perhaps, the absolutely worst of all), we find that Mr. LEHMANN calls him L. S. DEEVENSON, and his novel *A Buccaneer's Blood Bath*. That famous phrase, "a windless stricture of frost," is dragged in textually. "My heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little" follows, and we appear to recognize not a humorous imitation, but a quotation from *Kidnapped*. There is no story at all in the tale, only incongruous and exaggerated reminiscences.

Now this does not seem to us to be in the grand style of parody. Not thus did Mr. PUNCH work in the old days of *Codlingsby*, when the parodies of novels were stories interesting in themselves, in spite of their ineffable absurdity. *Codlingsby*, the Bargee, the Rowsky, the mysterious Jew in Holywell Street, the adventures of the Fighting Onety Oneth, were characters never to be forgotten, battles of poignant interest. They were rather imitative inventions than reminiscences; if the actual authors had pressed their Pegasus a little harder, they would have attained the very absurdities of the burlesque LEVER, or BULWER, or DISRAELI. Already they were very near those depths of foolish philosophy, those summits of exaggerated high spirits. There was still something human in the personages of THACKERAY's parody; it did not suffice to make CATHERINE kill BOB SILLIMERE by giving him "cold bacon for luncheon during a whole fortnight," an exertion of modern humour which leaves us as cold as the bacon. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, or "Kippiered Herring," does not stuff his tales with Hindustani. He gives us just enough for his purpose, but Hindustani is easily parodied, and the parody is done at the slightest expense of fancy, at no expense in construction, on the lines of least resistance. Good parodies are not very common in fiction; when we have mentioned THACKERAY's, Mr. BRET HARTE's, and some of Mr. BURNAND's, such as *Bound to Lose*, and *Chikkin Hazard*, we have exhausted those which occur to the memory. Now, in *Bound to Lose* the excitement of the race is thrilling, especially when the Moke is tempted by carrots. It is because Mr. LEHMANN, in his Prize Novels, has no tale in his author's manner to tell, that he succeeds best with Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, where the enigmatic manner is the principal, or at least the most salient, point. This chapter indeed is positively, if not superlatively, good. The peculiarities of Mr. BESANT's style are marked enough, and it does not seem a difficult task to imitate them. His favourite goodhearted ruffian, his excellent and amorous young woman, his strenuousness, his *ethos*, in fact, may readily be burlesqued; but little or nothing can be done by means of a mere condensation of his Christmas tale about a dipsomaniac. In parodying Mr. HALL CAINE (CALLED ABEL) Mr. LEHMANN, again, gives rather a summary than an imitation of style and manner. There is no parody of manner in "MICHAEL and FASON" were both the sons of ORRORS. They were both

"Homeric, and both fell in love with GREEBA, who flirted outrageously with them. These coincidences are absolutely essential in a tale of simple human passions." The older parodists did not thus insert criticism in the body of their burlesque. In short, parody of fiction needs more human interest, as in THACKERAY; or a more fortunate humour, as in Mr. BRET HARTE; or a higher level of animal spirits, and a more unconquerable mastery of puns, as in Mr. BURNAND's tales. Mr. BLACKMORE fares better here than most, for his novel actually has a thread of plot, the nursery rhyme of "Little Miss Muffet" being adapted to the manner of *Lorna Doone*. Miss SCHREINER, too, is really lucky, and her "Gasps," by Mr. LEHMANN, may be used as an introduction or primer to her *Dreams*. For Miss SCHREINER's earnest is only the converse of Mr. LEHMANN's humour; they are each by some natural harmony complementary to the other, and are equally adapted to the taste of the period. On the whole, it does seem as if even the art of parody demanded not only a natural gift of humour, but also a certain amount of pains and of invention. A grouping of reminiscences with a few interjectional criticisms does not make a readable and diverting burlesque of a romance. Not such was that lost parody, a tale in which many novelists took a hand, where the hero and heroine, who had revelled with OUIDA and erred with M. ZOLA, were finally and in a sumptuous manner confirmed by Miss YONGE.

THE PAMIR.

AT last something like trustworthy information has been received as to what has happened between Russians and Afghans; and, as usual, it is exactly what, by anybody well acquainted with the antecedents, would have been expected. The accounts assigned to the Russian commander and to the AMEER respectively are as much in accordance as any two accounts from opposite sides can ever be. Indeed, if Colonel YANOFF really wrote that he had given orders to "disarm" the Afghans, it is practically unnecessary to inquire any further. The blame of the encounter rests, by his own confession, on the intruder, and whatever the Afghans did was done in self-defence. But this, of course, is a merely technical side of the matter. Captain, or Colonel, or Knight-in-arms YANOFF has been already disavowed, praised, promoted, and sent on a new venture, after an exploit last year which was similar in kind, and only differentiated in fact by the difference of the persons with whom he had to deal, and the consequent mildness in form of his proceedings.

It is not as yet known what the exact form of the AMEER's reference to Simla may be; but the fact of the reference is undisputed, and it imposes the heaviest of all possible obligations on the Indian Government, which is not likely to be unequal to the occasion, and on the Home Government, which is thus very early put on its trial. We have in this place urged for years the extreme and dangerous impolicy of allowing any uncertainty in the delimitation of these territories. This impolicy rests on more than one English Government. After Mr. GLADSTONE's Penjdeh surrender, it might have seemed imperative on the least careful statesman to make it quite sure what he was giving to Russia and what he was not. When another Government succeeded to Mr. GLADSTONE's it might have seemed imperative to repair the omission. It is, indeed, probable that, when trouble began again on the Pamirs last year, the omission would have been repaired but for the unlucky restrictions which the see-saw system of English politics imposes on both parties. The apologies offered by the Czar's Government for the outrages of the YANOFF expedition

were technically sufficient, and in the circumstances they were allowed to be practically so. But the offence has been repeated, and it is quite time that the system of temporizing should cease. From some points of view Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government may claim to be in a better position than Lord SALISBURY'S for making an end of this particular difficulty. They are supposed to be friends of the Russians, and they can say that with the best will in the world they cannot let this sort of thing go on. By the exertions of their predecessors on the Indian side of what should be the frontier they have gained a better position for putting on the actual screw than any English Government has ever had before. The occupation of Kunjut supplies us with a base, if a somewhat advanced one, from which the glacis of the Hindu Koosh can be held with an ease hitherto unattainable. The AMEER'S reference supplies the *locus standi* in a diplomatic sense. The repeated conduct of the Russian exploring parties supplies the most reasonable of texts for a demand that this sort of thing do cease; and the geography of the region is now so thoroughly understood that there is no excuse for regarding the Roof of the World as the End of the World, and taking for granted that it does not much matter what happens there. But these increased advantages imply increased responsibility. Short of absolute surrender and actual fighting, there are two courses open. The one is to accept a quasi-apology from Russia, and leave the question of Roshan and Shignan open. The other is to arrange—even at the cost of some part of Roshan and Shignan taken at their widest—for a hard-and-fast delimitation which shall do away for ever with the constantly repeated and utterly preposterous theory that "the Oxus" means its southernmost branch, and that the Russians have a right to establish themselves on the line of the Panja.

We shall be very glad to be able to congratulate Lord ROSEBURY and Lord KIMBERLEY, who must here work together, on being in office when this latter result is achieved. But we must insist that, if it is not achieved, either great present loss and danger, or the prospect of danger and loss still greater, will have to be faced. It was, perhaps, possible last year to consider the renewed Russian activity as a mere freak of local zeal; it is not possible now, and the more uncertainty is allowed to remain on the subject, the greater will be the danger.

THE CURRENCY CORRESPONDENCE.

IF, according to the bitter old jest, the lunatic asylums were full once upon a time of currency reformers, the cause of their madness was, no doubt, to be sought in the incapacity of the average human intellect to keep upright in the midst of currency controversies. There is considerable danger that this reading will bring mental prostration to every man who launches on it, unless he takes the precaution to secure some doctrine of his own at the start, and clings to it with pertinacity. The newspaper controversy on the effect of the fall of silver on India, which has just revived, is only beginning, and yet it has already shown that there is no agreement between the parties who take shares in it as to the meaning of the terms they use, or the probable effects of any measure which any of them proposes. We have ourselves probably earned the withering scorn of some keen minds by speaking of the "fall of silver." There are some who are eager to argue that there has been no depreciation of silver, only an appreciation of gold. To the average man it does not seem to make much difference to the practical result, when two men who were on a ladder ten rungs apart are found to be thirty rungs apart, whether the increase

of distance between them is due to the fact that one of them has gone up, or to the fact that the other has gone down. The lower is much further below the upper than he was. But the average man is pretty certain to talk nonsense about the currency.

The average man must console himself by observing that, on the authority of the really learned, the orthodox Church is hardly, if at all, larger than Douce DAVIE DEANS'S. Mr. GRENFELL is sure that bimetallism is the remedy; but not only is this held to be a soul-destroying heresy by most, but the shades of bimetallism are so many that it has been found possible to fill the American Commission to the Monetary Conference with authorities who each represent a different section of the believers in this creed. One of them, Senator JONES, may be said to embody the whole controversy, for he has at different times delivered the best speech for gold, for silver, and for "fiat" money—by which we are perhaps to understand a forced paper currency. A monometallist BOSSUET would have a noble subject in the variations of bimetallists. We begin to doubt whether it is possible for currency authorities to agree on any point whatever. On Tuesday Mr. WILLIAM FOWLER writes to point out, with force, that almost any course the Indian Government can take will be risky, and that it would be a very bad thing to stop the coinage of silver rupees in the hope of giving an artificial value to coined silver, because, among other reasons, this measure would disturb the market. Therefore, Mr. FOWLER hopes the Indian Government will go fair, and softly. Very good, but on Thursday comes Sir GEORGE CHESNEY, who knows something about the Indian Government, and points out that for the last fourteen years it has been going so softly that it has made no visible progress. The last piece of advice it needs is not to hurry. And Sir G. CHESNEY is convinced that by stopping the coinage of rupees the evils complained of might be safely and easily removed. But in the next column comes Mr. DANIEL WATNEY, and tells us that the stoppage would be useless, because it would have no effect on the exchange value of the rupee—and the uncertainty of that value is precisely the grievance. Mr. WATNEY, who displays a certain calm pessimism, not without charm, can think of nothing except that Sir DAVID BARBOUR may be asked to open his little finger and let out some of the wisdom in his hand. Sir DAVID BARBOUR, a bimetallist who has reverted from some part of bimetallism, is anxious that the Home Government should do something. The end of almost all that is written about the question is a despairing appeal that something may be done, but nobody knows exactly what.

Sir DAVID BARBOUR'S own letter to Mr. W. H. HOULDSWORTH, which should have peculiar weight as coming from the official responsible for Indian finance at this moment, is not the least hopeless of all. It is really painful to notice the contrast between the ease with which he demonstrates the evils of the existing currency and the difficulty he has in indicating an applicable remedy. Sir DAVID BARBOUR is himself a bimetallist and believes that his opinions have made great progress in India. Yet he acknowledges that bimetallism is unpopular on the Bombay side, where they believe that the cheapness of silver gives them an advantage over Lancashire. Lancashire, by the way, is entirely of the same opinion, and that is why it is strongly bimetallist. If the Bombay side and Lancashire are right, it would appear that HER MAJESTY'S Government cannot act in the way recommended by Sir DAVID BARBOUR without robbing PETER to pay PAUL. If they are wrong, it can only be because the adoption of the double standard would produce little or no effect—which means that it would be no remedy. In the meantime, we can appreciate the difficulties of an

Indian financier who is liable to find that another slight fall in the exchange value of the rupee has suddenly compelled him to provide for an additional charge of Rs. 1,700,000, and foresees that the next year will bring a further charge of Rs. 1,500,000. These fluctuations in the value of the rupee affect trade as severely as they do finance. Sir DAVID BARBOUR, who is supported by a petition of the native traders of Kurrachee, points out how a sudden rise in the exchange may cause an importer who has made contracts in India to be under-sold, in which case "the Indian trader either suffers a serious loss, or he breaks his engagement and refuses to take delivery." Uncertainty as to the standard of value inevitably introduces an element of gambling into both finance and commerce, which is not wholesome. Unhappily, although this is easy indeed to prove, the discovery of a remedy seems to be the very reverse. Sir DAVID BARBOUR's own cure—bimetallism—would, on his own showing, not be universally acceptable in India, could not possibly be introduced except by an agreement between all nations, which is not likely to be reached, and would have, for a time at least, a most disturbing effect at home.

In the midst of it all there has come one simple thing, and easy to understand, in the shape of a letter from Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI. This gentleman's competence to discuss the currency may be estimated from his assertion that there is no silver question at all—which, by the way, is not the opinion of the native traders of Kurrachee, who find that the fluctuations in the value of silver do affect them considerably. Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI knows better. "The actual disease is not the rise or fall of exchange (the effect of which is temporary in true trade), but the inordinate foreign agency in the British India administration, and its indirect effects with which the poverty-stricken British Indians are burdened, and which they cannot afford to pay." So says this member of a small alien community, which owes its safety from plunder and the wealth it accumulates to the protection of the Government of India. What sense Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI attaches to the words "true trade" we do not know. The native traders of Kurrachee are presumably true-traders, and they are firmly convinced that a sudden fall in the exchange value of the rupee may cause a profit to become a loss, which must needs render men very unwilling to incur the risks of commerce. The construction of railways is "true trade," and not disadvantageous to the Parsee advocate's client, the "poor ryot." Yet it is certain that investors are unwilling to put money into concerns which return a modest profit to begin with, even when they are safe, and may return no profit at all if the rupee falls still further in relative value. If the Indian Government officials—at whom Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI sneers, in a style learnt from the Radical press—are suffering in their interests, they are suffering in common with a great part of India. Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI has apparently recanted the opinion he once held in favour of a gold standard since he has discovered that it would benefit Indian officials. He is now convinced that nothing will do but the removal of the "inordinate foreign agency." We shall not condescend to defend the "foreign agency in the British India administration" against a person who does not exactly represent an indigenous Indian race. We will only point out to Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI that if that "retribution," of which he speaks with so much unction, ever falls, it will not deal over-tenderly with the Parsee.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER'S SCHEME AGAIN.

THE Bishop of CHESTER has expressed himself satisfied with the reception given to his scheme, and, indeed, it has not been made the excuse for nearly so much rant or abuse as was expected by most of us. The Treasurer of the C. E. T. S. has indeed bewailed the "false life of the Athenæum." But almost the only full-blown specimen of "Temperance" eloquence and reasoning which has been brought out by it is to be found in a letter from "C. J. PORTER, D.D., Chaplain at Aix-les-Bains." This divine shows very prettily the subtle working of a fanaticism. "Mr. GOSCHEN," he notes, "admitted at Watford that the teetotal vote cost the Unionist party several seats at the late election. Indeed, it probably put Mr. GLADSTONE into power. And thus the cause of the Union is sacrificed by the Tory upholders of the drink trade to the interests of a traffic which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL described as 'devilish,' and which a brewer charged with woes equal to the combined evils of war, pestilence, and famine." Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who ignores the anonymous brewer, is also happy to quote Lord RANDOLPH's condemnation of the "devilish and destructive liquor traffic." If these great curses enhance the spirits of the teetotalers (if they will excuse us for linking the words), they must be easily satisfied. Lord RANDOLPH has cursed many men and things which yet walk about alive. Perhaps that is because he blessed them next day, as he would doubtless bless the liquor traffic if it ever were his fortune to address a friendly audience of licensed victuallers.

There has, however, on the whole, been a certain absence of cursing—though Dr. DAWSON BURNS has been good enough, in the habitual teetotal style, to remark on the Bishop's want of "grace and good sense." The world will judge as to which side shows the grace and good sense. "Temperance" critics have employed themselves less in asserting that Dr. JAYNE must be a bad man (Sir WILFRID LAWSON even condescends so far as to allow him the style of good Bishop) than in emphatically asserting that Local Option is what the noble red man would call "a great medicine." Dr. PORTER and Sir WILFRID LAWSON agree that, if we can only have this, all will be well. The Doctor wants to know why, if "the people" are "to be consulted about Home Rule," they should not be consulted "about the drink traffic." We know of no power which can prevent "the people" from voting on the drink traffic if they choose. As yet they have not chosen. The fact that in a score of constituencies, in which parties are fairly divided, a knot of fanatics has contrived to turn the election is no evidence to the contrary. The readiness of candidates—and in too many cases of the House itself—to submit to the dictation of an unscrupulous minority is ignoble enough; but it does not and cannot show that "the people" has voted on a question which has never been submitted to it. Yet all through Dr. PORTER's letter and Sir WILFRID LAWSON's there runs the assumption that "the people" is being prohibited from the use of its power by some maleficent influence. Sir W. LAWSON is prepared to allow that under the blessed dispensation of Local Option the people may "opt" for public-houses or for the Bishop's improved places of entertainment if they like. But he is manifestly persuaded that they will not so like.

What ground Sir WILFRID LAWSON has for the faith that is in him we have still to learn. It certainly does not appear in his letter to the *Times* of Tuesday. There is even one passage in that letter which might give its author matter for thought. Speaking of the Gothenburg system, of which the Temperance people have become very shy, he says that, "With regard to

"the 'uncontaminated zones' (to use the African expression), where liquor is effectually kept out, the testimony is wholly and invariably favourable. Of course no argument is to be drawn from places where prohibition is nominally on the Statute Book, but "where no *bonâ-fide* effort is made to enforce the law." For our part, we think that an argument can be drawn from such cases—namely, that there are parts of Scandinavia in which people will not be deprived of their drink, and that there the Gothenburg system will not work. It is at least conceivable that something of the kind might happen under Local Option. Sir W. LAWSON may learn from his papers that Mr. MORLEY's supporters have thought it well to keep Temperance legislation in the background, because a strong feeling against Sunday closing has arisen among the Elswick workmen. How long would it be before a strong feeling would arise among English workmen generally if their beer was in any serious danger? With exquisite unreason Sir W. LAWSON quotes the case of Bessbrook, in Ireland, which is a model town because the landlord will not allow a public-house to be opened, as if it proved the advantages of Local Option. Would he put the question to the votes of the ratepayers? Supposing the case to be as he states it, what Bessbrook proves is the advantage of benevolent despotism, which is quite a different thing from Local Option.

NATURE AND ART.

THE question raised by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING on the respective attractions of Nature's pictures and those of the artist has probably troubled the minds of the majority of visitors to Academy exhibitions. Mr. KIPLING implores the world not to buy "smeared" pictures, but to fly to the Pacific and enjoy far finer pictures. And he calls upon artists to give up painting home subjects—the landscape that inspired CONSTABLE and CROME—and try the Pacific Islands. By "smeared" pictures Mr. KIPLING means paintings of landscape, and it appears to be equally indifferent to him whether they are the works of CLAUDE or the works of Mr. LEADER. It is the "smeared" picture—the canvas, in fact—that revolts Mr. KIPLING's artistic sense. Why buy pictures, he asks, painted by artists, when you can so easily possess the superior works of Nature? And then, with curious inconsequence, he entreats landscape-painters to come out to the Pacific and paint coral islands. This little inconsistency is not the most singular point in Mr. KIPLING's contention. His argument is based on the erroneous assumption that Art and Nature are placed in rivalry by the works of artists, and that art is purely imitative of nature, and the landscape-painter a mere copyist. The painter makes the picture, not the subject. The homely scenery of East Anglia, the pastures of Holland and the Netherlands, French woodlands and Italian fields, have supplied material for the finest landscape art in the world. What would be the painter's gain who should exchange the old world for a new? Mr. KIPLING does not venture to assert that a painter must necessarily be fired with genius at the mere aspect of the blue lagoon, of the crested atoll, of the white line of thundering surf on the shore of his tropic sea. If picture-buyers follow Mr. KIPLING's advice, and cease to buy pictures, there will be a bad market for painters of the Pacific and elsewhere. His Pacific invitation to artists can hardly be expected to lead to great results.

Mr. KIPLING's views of the relations of Nature and Art are undoubtedly very popular. In landscape art most people find in a good coloured photograph all that satisfies their artistic sentiment. They have no conception of art as anything but a simulation, a

painted show, or copy of the natural scene. Mr. C. F. DOWSETT has followed Mr. KIPLING's argument for the superiority of Nature's pictures in a very sympathetic spirit. As a land-agent, he points out, with something of the rapturous eloquence of the late eminent Mr. ROBINS, the extreme ease with which you may become the happy possessor of "majestic natural pictures." Buy land, he says, and you buy pictures; pictures you may enjoy framed by your own windows, it may be, or spread around you like a panorama. There is much that is seductive in Mr. DOWSETT's ingenious advice. It is cheaper, on the whole, to invest in land and build your house in a beautiful country than to collect, however modestly, Old Masters. But Mr. DOWSETT does not show in what respects this method of acquiring Nature's pictures is an equivalent to the possession of landscape-paintings by HOBBEEMA, or CLAUDE, or CONSTABLE. You might as well advise the passionate collector of china to give up old delft or Sèvres, and take to postage-stamps. Your "majestic" "natural picture" can never afford the same pleasure that a typical painting by CLAUDE or CONSTABLE yields to the lover of art. If the subject of the picture and its scale of execution constitute the superior beauty, a BIERSTADT must transcend the Old Masters and the painters of panoramas rank with TURNER. Let us suppose that some one, beguiled by the "natural picture" fallacy, as presented by Mr. DOWSETT, should purchase an eligible property, rich in all the attractions of wood and water and mountain. What is there to prevent some equally zealous admirer of nature settling in his neighbourhood and marring the finest of his natural pictures by putting up some new and incongruous building? To prevent such a disaster it would be necessary to be the owner of all the land within a radius of ten miles. And though, when all is new, you may look around at the prospect, and exclaim with the pleased poet "Ever charming, ever new!" the day of tedium will surely come. The attempt to live with your "natural" picture will prove less fruitful and pleasing than the delight a favourite painting can never fail to afford. The more majestic the natural picture, the greater the disillusion.

JILTED!

THE Ministry is completed, and its completion on the positive side has not excited a wild or overpowering interest. The advantage in dignity and weight of the newest adhesions need not occupy the most determined coffee-house babbler very long. But on the negative side the closing of the lists has had no small attraction, even for persons not very much addicted to the small beer of politics. Mr. LABOUCHERE has explained why he is not a Minister, and the explanation in its second, if not in its first, form has been highly interesting. That first form was crude, unsatisfactory, and misleading. Mr. LABOUCHERE informed a correspondent that the QUEEN had such a strong objection to his being a Minister that Mr. GLADSTONE did not offer him office. The statement seemed in doubtful taste, and, as we have observed elsewhere, it would have gone almost in any case to prove that HER MAJESTY's objection was well founded. Still, the fair-minded man wondered a little how Mr. LABOUCHERE came to be so certain about the matter. Had he received a letter from HER MAJESTY stating that she had this strong objection, and that he was at liberty to mention the fact? This, of course, would have perfectly entitled him to do what he has done; but it seemed a little improbable. However, in his own newspaper of this week Mr. LABOUCHERE has lifted the veil. An emissary from Carlton Gardens, it seems, called on him on August the 15th (when quite soft

were the skies), talked about the rain and the fine time, and the excellences of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the responsibilities imposed by Monarchical Government, informed his host that that host was "one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S chief difficulties," and asked him to write a letter saying that he, Mr. LABOUCHERE, did not wish to join the Government, as he thought he could be more useful below the gangway. This Mr. LABOUCHERE "declined to do, and to his thinking the refusal "was a proper one." We do not very often find ourselves in agreement with Mr. LABOUCHERE. On this occasion, to this strictly limited extent, we do so find ourselves. But of that more presently.

It will be observed that "the emissary" did not expressly tell Mr. LABOUCHERE that the QUEEN objected to his being in the Government. He admits this with much frankness. It seems, therefore, to be rather a pity that he should have compromised what was rather a strong position by an indiscretion which, as we must repeat, justified the very proceeding of which he complains. Not, indeed, that such a justification was in the least required. Mr. LABOUCHERE, writing with more restraint than usual, deploras what he supposes to have been HER MAJESTY'S action, and considers it, if not unconstitutional, at any rate contrary to the practice of the present reign, for the Sovereign, after accepting a Prime Minister, not to let him form his staff as he pleases. And then he goes on to talk about his opposition to the Royal Grants (did his readers never hear of Sir CHARLES DILKE?), his "Democracy," and so forth. His humble admirers have naturally bettered the instruction, and talk about HER MAJESTY'S "audacity" in objecting. Now Democrats generally talk nonsense, and this is the greatest nonsense that ever was muttered round the Kaaba in what Mr. LABOUCHERE calls "the Mecca of Democracy"—to wit, Northampton. If such objections, based, not of course on "personal" grounds, but on the exercise of the discretion of the Sovereign, are not to be made, or are not to prevail when made, the whole process of submitting names, of kissing hands, and the like, is a senseless and farcical survival, which the stoutest Tory may dismiss without a pang. Nay, more; there is not a form of government in the world, from despotism to republic, in which such power of objection is not naturally, and necessarily, reserved to the Chief of the State. Kings have sometimes tried to be their own Prime Ministers, and have not generally made a very good job of it. The President of the United States is, or may be if he likes, a kind of Prime Minister and Chief of the State in one. But if the two functions are kept apart, either in republic or monarchy, the Minister must choose his colleagues, subject to the approval of the Chief.

The next question is whether any such objection was made as that which Mr. LABOUCHERE supposes, and if so, what were its grounds. On the first point we express no opinion, and could express none without gross impropriety. But if there were any, it is not quite necessary to take refuge in the Royal Grant theory, agreeable as that theory may be to Mr. LABOUCHERE'S vanity and to the excited feelings of the inhabitants and pilgrims of the Mecca of Democracy. Mr. LABOUCHERE, with some *naïveté* or more audacity, published in the same number of his paper the text of a Privy Councillor's oath, the main points of which oath are the withstanding to the utmost of the Councillor's power of everything done, attempted, or spoken against HER MAJESTY'S Person, Honour, Crown, and Royal Dignity, the maintenance of the most absolute secrecy, and the defence of all Jurisdictions, Authorities, and Pre-eminences of the Crown. Now, with Mr. LABOUCHERE'S private character, opinions, and proceedings we have absolutely nothing to do. But the unvaried tenor of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S public utterances

in Parliament, on the platform, and in the columns of that newspaper with which he identifies himself in scorn of all disguise, might give cause to very considerable qualms in the mind of a conscientious and liberal-minded Sovereign at the idea of administering, or causing to be administered, this oath to Mr. LABOUCHERE. The scruple might take several forms. It might regard the public, and the question might be, "Ought I to expose my kingdom to the danger of such a defender and such a counsel-keeper as this?" It might mercifully and graciously regard Mr. LABOUCHERE himself, and demand, "Have I the right to tempt this man against his conscience or to bribe him to silence it?" But whatever form it took—and we have left several possible forms unenumerated—it might lead the most constitutional, just, and gracious of Sovereigns to decide that "the Right Honourable HENRY LABOUCHERE" is a style and title improper, hurtful, and not to be thought of in these realms.

However, all this is as it may be. Reserving most amply the possibility or probability that Mr. LABOUCHERE is abiding under a frenzy of JOHN DENNIS, that the QUEEN of ENGLAND no more rejects his services than the King of France wants his head—there is a part of the matter which is of the highest interest, and for which we have so far positive and uncontradicted testimony. And that is the altogether astonishing part attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE. There may, of course, be forthcoming the fullest contradiction from both the persons impugned. "The emissary" may have been a very clumsy emissary, and have entirely mistaken his mission. There may have been not the slightest hint that HER MAJESTY had anything to do with the matter, and instead of the remarkable demand for a *nolo episcopari* which was meant to be taken seriously, Mr. GLADSTONE may only have intended to say that he understood Mr. LABOUCHERE to wish to live and die below the gangway, and would not baulk him. Perhaps, indeed, the emissary may have been commissioned to hint to Mr. LABOUCHERE that objections lay in quite a different direction—that, as Lord MELBOURNE once said to a celebrated Irish place-hunter of doubtful character, "But, — it, there's only *one* vacancy, and "they *all* say they'll resign if you're appointed." Indeed, Mr. LABOUCHERE seems (or might seem, but for a certain bitterness in the references to his colleagues that might have been, which follow his revelations of the dark schemings against him in still higher places) to have entirely forgotten that when a major-domo engages a servant, there are two things to be considered. The first is, Will that servant suit the master and mistress? The second is, Will there be a strike below stairs at the notion of his company? But all this may be omitted for the present. The contradiction reported by the Correspondent of a country paper on Thursday (for the daily London organs of the Gladstonian party appeared to have a great ox on their tongues) was of the most strictly limited character, except that, as was practically inevitable, it took upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S own shoulders the blame of not suggesting, instead of shifting on to others that of rejecting. But if incidents in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S public career which cast no implication on his public conduct—incidents which were in Mr. GLADSTONE'S own knowledge—brought about this impossibility, why leave poor Mr. LABOUCHERE so long in suspense? and why make no attempt to explain that remarkable business of the certificate? Why was Mr. LABOUCHERE to take his bill quickly and write *nolo*, when Mr. GLADSTONE had already made up his mind to *non possumus*? Taking the treatment which Mr. LABOUCHERE says he has received, and which till further contradiction we are bound to suppose he has received, according to his account of it, it is one of the oddest episodes in the history of Cabinet-

making. Mr. LABOUCHERE, think of him what we may, is not exactly the first-comer in the hosts which have stormed Downing Street for Mr. GLADSTONE; he has never been credited by his worst enemies or his strongest friends with the mild and childlike disposition which would forego advantages, accept slights, and turn the other cheek to the smiter or sligher; his intelligence, whatever use he may have made of it, is not of such a low order as to be taken in by the sort of device which the wicked hero of a rather old-fashioned novel puts off on his victim, the guileless heroine. Indeed, the conduct which Mr. GLADSTONE expected of Mr. LABOUCHERE involved, if not an excessive guilelessness, a real heroism—it is something reminiscent of the way in which the Little Sister in *Philip* saved Dr. FIRMIN by declaring that she had known the marriage to be a fraud. All these things make the action strange as a piece of strategy. As a specimen of conduct "between," as the phrase goes, "gentlemen," it can scarcely be necessary to characterize it.

DANCE MUSIC ON SUNDAYS.

THE Nonconformist conscience in the London County Council has been sorely vexed over the question of "Dance music on Sundays." It has seen the need of saving its profession of political Liberalism, which it vaguely confounds with the moral grace of liberality, from being too conspicuously hypocritical. Hence it is that the most scrupulous and casuistical of known entities, the aforesaid conscience, has been obliged to make a little concession to the Radical conscience. The Radical conscience is not wounded by drums and trumpets on the Sabbath day. It does not object to them at Eastbourne, because it reckons on the votes of the Salvationists who there make Sunday hideous by their thumpings and blastings. It makes a generous use of wind-instruments in its own Sunday processions to Hyde Park, and is not at all rigid as to the tunes which are played, so long as "God Save the Queen" is not included amongst them. It is as willing as the most liberal-minded, old-fashioned Tory squire or parson can be that the people should have music on Sundays in the Parks. As a matter of historical fact, it has adopted a popular and rational article of the Creed of the old English "Church and King" party, as expressed in the *Book of Sports*, which the Nonconformist, Richard Baxter, so persistently cited under the false title of "The Book for Dancing on the Lord's Day." The modern Radical simply extends to the Parks of populous London a custom which the best priests and squires in England, before the outbreak of the Civil War, were maintaining against Nonconformist tyranny and bigotry in hundreds of country villages. Many a learned, pious, and charitable clergyman, who was ejected from his living by the Long Parliament's Nonconformist inquisitors, for what their eccentric conscience pleased to call "immorality," was really ejected, as Lionel Gatford had the courage to tell Cromwell, for the very highest moral quality—for his religious and liberal charity towards the poor of his parish, who had so much work and so little play. The Nonconformist triumph obliterated the village music and the village drama from end to end of England. There were whole groups of villages in Oxfordshire before the war in which the villagers themselves could perform such a play as *Mucedorus*, as John Rowe, the fanatical Independent "pastor" of Westminster Abbey, has left on record in his ferocious Sermons in 1653 upon the "Judgements" of God against the amateur play-actors of Witney, Stanton Harcourt, South Leigh, Standlake, and other neighbouring parishes. Dancing was by no means, as Baxter and Calamy imply, the only recreation of the old free English agricultural labourer on the Lord's Day before he was barbarized, de-civilized, and enslaved under the Puritan reign of social terror.

The "Nonconformist conscience" is as adept at casuistry nowadays in the London County Council as it was two centuries ago when the Puritan camp-chaplains explained to hesitating recruits that the best way to fight for the King was to fight in the Parliament's army against

the King. For more than two centuries it has been a fundamental principle of the Nonconformist conscience that all instrumental music on Sundays is sinful, even when used for a "religious purpose." Bishop Earle, in his portrait of a rich "Nonconformist" lady in 1628, says that "she suffered not her daughters to learn on the virginals, because of their affinity with organs." The fathers of Nonconformity, in their first Admonition to Parliament in 1570, gravely informed the Lords and Commons that "organ-players came from the Pope, as out of the Trojan horse's belly, for the destruction of God's Kingdom," which was their convenient synonym for Presbyterian Nonconformity. "That old serpent, Pope Vitalian," said the Nonconformist ministers, "brought up organs," and "two other monsters, PP. Gregory and Gelasius, inspired by the Devil," were the authors of *Plainsong and Pricksong*. When the Nonconformist conscience, some seventy years later, had a Parliament completely at its own disposal, and eager to satisfy all its demands, commissioners were sent all over England to destroy the organs as "abominations" in the sight of the Lord. Evelyn said, in 1654, that they were then "almost universally demolished." Any one who wishes to know something in detail of the Nonconformist campaign against music on Sundays should read the entries in the *Journal of Will. Dowling*, "the Parliamentary Visitor," who laid waste the Suffolk churches in 1643 and 1644. Dowling had a warrant from the Earl of Manchester for demolishing pictures, painted glass, superstitious images, and organs.

The objection of the Nonconformist conscience to musical instruments did not stay at organs, but was extended to fiddles and harps. The drum was almost the sole instrument which was not Babylonish and anti-Christian, and could be heard with no uncomfortable scruples. Neither did that curious conscience object simply to the use of the harp and the fiddle upon the village green after the common Evensong upon Sunday afternoons, but objected to them even upon the week days. To be a harper or a fiddler was *ipso facto* to be a sinner. Any money earned by playing harp or viol was the "wages of iniquity."

This sacred Nonconformist tradition survived until the beginning of our own century. The admiring biographer of Thomas Charles of Bala, the Welsh Methodist, has left us an instructive specimen of the new doctrines upon dancing, musical instruments, and dance-music taught by the Nonconformists to the Welsh. It occurs in a description of the attempts of Charles to disestablish the ancient wakes or dedication feasts of the parishes. Charles, catechizing in the Sunday-school, put the suggestive question, "Is dancing, my dear children, a sin?" "Yes," said one, emphatically; "it was owing to dancing that the head of John the Baptist was cut off." "Is it," said Mr. Charles, "set forth as bad and sinful in Scripture?" "Yes," answered another, and repeated these words:—"Woe unto them that follow strong drink, and the harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe, are in the feasts." Not a word about dancing is to be found in the text; but the harp and the viol were familiar to the poor little Welsh children about to be spoiled of their ancestral social liberty and gladness by the Nonconformist spoiler, as the instruments of "dance-music." The hagiographer coolly regarded the ruin of the local harper as a triumph of religion. "The harper was met going home by a person on the road, who, surprised to see him leaving the place so soon, asked him what was the reason. Some parson, said he, had been catechizing there, and persuaded the young people not to attend the feast." Charles was not "a parson"; he had turned Nonconformist when only in deacon's orders, and was never ordained priest. The poor harper, the biographer adds, was "deprived of the hire of his iniquity."

The compromise which the Nonconformist conscience in the London County Council has made with the Radicals in that body will seem to many to be a surrendering of one of the most sacred traditions and principles of Nonconformity. We will consent to music being played in the Parks on Sundays, say they, though our fathers and founders plunged England into civil war sooner than have music played on the village greens on Sundays. But if we make so great a sacrifice of Nonconformist principles, you must save our reputation by issuing an ordinance that no "dance" music shall be played on Sundays! The Puritan casuist can still give points to the Jesuit casuist, as he could in King James's day. His solution of what his foregoers would have called the "case" of Sunday music is quite up to the

level of the old "case" of Sunday boot-cleaning. To work, or cause others to work, on Sunday is a sin, properly punishable with death. "To clean your boots on Sunday, or permit others to clean them," said one doctor of casuistry, "is to work on Sunday, or to cause others to work." "The cleaning of boots on Sunday," said another doctor of Nonconformist casuistry, "is sinful or not according to the part of your boots which is cleaned on that day." It is beyond all question a violation of the Puritan Sabbath to clean the upper part of your boots, or to cause others to clean that part of them with a blacking-brush; but to clean the lower part of your boots upon a door-scraper or a door-mat is no violation of the Sabbath. This is not a whit more ridiculous than the new casuistical distinction of the Nonconformist conscience, that the playing of dance music in the Parks on Sunday is a violation of the Sabbath, but that the playing of other music in the Parks on Sunday is not a violation of the Sabbath.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the whole history of trade perhaps nothing more remarkable is recorded than the fall in silver during the past two years. In the summer of 1890 the United States Congress passed an Act directing the Treasury to buy every month $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ozs. of silver, or 54 million ozs. per annum, which, it was estimated, would somewhat exceed the total production of the American mines, and would not fall far short of half the output of the whole world. The Act came into force on the 13th of August, 1890, and ever since the Treasury has been buying as required. Of course, while the Act was under discussion a very wild speculation in silver sprang up, and the price was carried in the first week in September 1890 to $54\frac{1}{2}d.$ per oz. Then it began to fall, and the other day—that is, less than two years afterwards—it was as low as $37\frac{1}{2}d.$ per oz., a fall of $16\frac{1}{2}d.$ per oz., or about 30 per cent. A more striking or conclusive proof of the powerlessness of even one of the greatest Governments in the world to give an artificial value to a commodity has never been afforded; and yet, strange to say, the leading Governments of Europe, at the invitation of that of the United States, are about to meet in an International Conference to consider whether something cannot be done for silver, and, in a letter published in all the papers this week, Sir D. Barbour, the Indian Finance Minister, gives it as his deliberate opinion that it is essential for the safety of Indian finance that the leading nations of the world should combine to adopt bi-metallism. The mass of mankind, however, is convinced by the experience of the United States that combinations of the kind are utterly useless and powerless, and it is reasonably certain that the Conference will come to nothing. At all events, so far as our own country is concerned, it is perfectly clear that bi-metallism has not the least chance of being adopted. We have a good monetary system which has stood the test of three-quarters of a century, and we are not going to change it in the teeth of all experience. Even the Indian Government would act most unwisely if it were to make a change. In the first place, the experiment tried by the United States has been complete, and is most instructive, and it warns against all tampering with a country's currency. In the second place, a change that would affect a population so immense as that of India in all its most intimate relations ought not to be made until after the fullest and most searching inquiry. But it is impossible that a full and searching inquiry can be carried out now in a time of panic. We do not in the least dispute that the fluctuations in silver have inflicted, and are inflicting, great loss upon the Indian Government, upon European residents in India who have to send money home, upon bankers and others who have raised money in gold and invested it in India, where it is repayable in silver, and upon trade generally. So far, however, as trade is concerned—which is by far the most important consideration—it is affected, not by the fall in silver, but by the fluctuations. If Governments had not interfered, especially that of the United States, silver would long since have settled down at some price or other, and then trade with India would have gone on as prosperously as before. Two years ago, our readers will remember, the rupee was worth about 12. 9d. of our money; now it is worth only about 12. 2½d. A coin that

fluctuates in value so widely and so rapidly is little better than a gambling counter. But if its value were fixed at any figure, no matter how low, it would be as good for trade purposes as ever; and the only effectual way of fixing the value of the rupee is to allow natural forces to act and the value to be decided by the law of supply and demand. So far as the Government is concerned, again, it is almost certain that, if it were to make a change, and to succeed in stopping what is called the loss by exchange, or, at all events, in preventing it from becoming greater, it would in all probability lose as much by the injury that would be inflicted upon its opium trade as it would gain in sending home money to pay what are called the home charges in London. So far as the European residents in India and bankers and others who have invested in the country are concerned, we fear that nothing material can be done. Events have run contrary to their interests, and though we sympathize much with them, we do not see how anything more can be given than barren sympathy. It would be absurd to argue seriously that the currency of a great country should be changed merely to protect a few Europeans from loss. For recollect that every bargain of every kind is made in rupees, and if the Government were rash enough to change the value of the rupee by its own action, it would certainly transfer an immense amount of wealth from one set of people in India to another set of people, and by so doing it might raise political dangers which would be far graver than anything we have now to regret from the fall in silver.

The silver market continues as weak as ever. There have been fewer fluctuations this week than for some weeks previously, but the general expectation still is that the price will go lower. In spite of the continued purchases by the United States quotations have again been very low in New York, and nobody seriously doubts that in the course of a few months the purchases will be altogether stopped. Naturally, therefore, there is much anxiety amongst all capitalists engaged in the trade with the silver-using countries. That trade is for the time being utterly disorganized, and the disorganization is telling very adversely upon Lancashire. The depression in the Lancashire cotton trade is due to several causes; but, undoubtedly, the fall in silver is aggravating it. The Far East, as matters stand now, cannot buy as freely as it has done, and the falling off in the demand for the Far East at a time when stocks are very large, and business is bad all over the world, makes the outlook more gloomy.

There is a natural desire amongst bankers, discount-houses, and bill-brokers to raise the value of money, seeing that the outlook is so obscure, especially while the silver market is so seriously troubled. But it is not found possible to raise the discount rate for short bills materially; at the same time, the discount rates for bills running a considerable time—four and six months—is slightly advancing. Besides the silver difficulty it is to be borne in mind that Austria-Hungary is preparing for the resumption of specie payments. The Government is authorized to raise a gold loan of about 20 millions sterling, and it is generally understood that the loan will be brought out in a couple of months. Of course it will not be subscribed to in London; but a great part of the gold required will have to be taken from London, for nowhere else is there a free market for gold. The Austro-Hungarian Government is naturally interested in preventing a disturbance of the money market, and so are the bankers who will bring out the loan, and therefore it is understood that the payment of the instalments will be spread over two or three years. But even so, a considerable amount of gold may be taken from London, and that would have a disturbing effect while distrust lasts, and nobody knows what may happen in regard to silver.

Business upon the Stock Exchange continues as quiet as ever. There is no speculation worth speaking about, and not very much investment, yet quotations are wonderfully well maintained. The great operators in New York flatter themselves that business must increase and prices rise because the harvest promises to be very good, and two good harvests, they argue, cannot fail to stimulate trade in every direction and to arouse speculation. They do not allow enough, however, for the distrust excited by the silver position. That distrust can be dissipated only by the stoppage of the silver purchases. While those purchases are going on we do not think it likely that there can be any very great increase in speculative business. At all events, we would strongly advise investors in this

country to keep aloof from the American market; an accident may have very serious consequences at any time. The spread of the cholera upon the Continent has not had as much effect yet upon inter-Bourse securities as might have been expected. Cholera must for the time being injure trade. All who can will keep away from the great cities, and thereby business of every kind will be checked. Moreover, the absence of the wealthy from the great cities and the scare which the cholera is likely to create will prevent Stock Exchange business. The probability seems to be, therefore, that as cholera spreads, quotations must give way. The great capitalists in Paris and Berlin, however, are doing their utmost to maintain the market; how long they will be able to do so remains to be seen. At home the market for British railway stocks is good, partly owing to the reinvestment of the dividends which have just been paid, partly because of continued good traffics, and partly because of favourable dividends by the Scotch lines. Thus the Great North of Scotland Company has announced a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, which compares with only 3 per cent. twelve months ago.

In spite of the falling off in the foreign trade of the country, of the anxieties aroused by the fall in silver, and of the depression in many great industries (especially the cotton trade), the railway traffic returns of the United Kingdom are wonderfully well maintained, showing that the home trade is still good. On seventeen of the principal railways there is an increase for the first eight weeks of the current half-year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, of 29,000*l.* from passengers and 30,000*l.* from goods, making together 59,000*l.*

An American correspondent, Mr. Dubois, argues that a silver crisis in America is impossible. He seems, however, to misapprehend our point. We did not say, nor did we mean to intimate, that the United States Government will fail to fulfil all its obligations; but we said, and repeat, that, if the silver purchases go on, gold will go to a premium, and that then there is very likely to be a crisis.

In the Home Railway market there has been a very general, and in some cases a very considerable, rise during the week. Midland stock closed on Thursday afternoon at 158 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. London and North-Western closed at 176 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 165, also a rise of 1; Caledonian Undivided closed at 121, likewise a rise of 1; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 106 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market the movements have also been generally upward, though very little is doing here, the changes being almost entirely owing to operations in New York. Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 40 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; Union Pacific closed at 40 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Erie closed at 28 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. All these, however, are purely speculative, and to be avoided by investors. Amongst the sound dividend-paying shares Lake Shore closed on Thursday at 138 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the Argentine market, on the other hand, the movements have been generally downwards. Thus, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock closed at 119-21, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3. The Argentine Five per Cent. Loan of 1886 closed at 62 $\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 56 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 64 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 2. But amongst inter-Bourse stocks the movements have generally been downwards. Portuguese, it is true, on the rumour that negotiations are about to be opened for a settlement of the debt, closed on Thursday at 24, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Greek of 1884, on the Budget statement, closed at 66 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. But German Three per Cents closed at 87, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Hungarian closed at 93 $\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$.

SKETCHES OF STUDENT-LIFE IN MILAN. OF BOARDING-HOUSES.

THERE are boarding-houses and boarding-houses. Who does not know the "five-minutes-from-tram-bus-and-rail-guinea-a-week-man-servant-kept" one? or the "cheerful-musical-society-a-few-select-taken-in-by-nonconformist-widow" one? or the "French-kousine-on-its-own-grounds-

address-manager-with-gas" one? or that unspeakably genteel for which no definition is good enough, and that no subtlety of nomenclature can classify appropriately? Here you are treated as guest, here like a son, there like a friend *simply*; here your food is measured, weighed, cut, and counted, there you are told to help yourself—to nothing. Ah, verily, the variety is great; and, great as it is, it becomes greater still if we consider that every boarding-house is an exception to the general rule; so do we get not only a variety of exceptions, but also exceptional variety. Thus in fashionable Bloomsbury, distant Bayswater, and perpendicular Chelsea.

In Milan the distinctions and subdivisions are, perhaps, less complicated, but their comprehension is none the less difficult, if not positively puzzling. It is not easy to make out the difference between *pensione senza pretese* (boarding-house without pretensions), *cucina alla casalinga* (home cooking), and *pensione in famiglia* (board in a family)—they give you everywhere the same things for the same money; chalk and water with blacking in guise of coffee and milk in the morning; a donkey or a cow steak, with rice, for lunch; while a poor skin-and-bone fowl is worried everywhere for a fortnight in boiling water, and has to furnish fourteen consommés before it can make an appearance as a *pollo a lesso*. It is also a matter of wonder how a boarding-house with pretensions can exist in Milan, and on what.

Following, *mutatis mutandis*, the golden rules laid down in Bacon's essay "Of Travel," we have kept a diary; we have frequently changed our lodgings, as a "great adamant of acquaintance"; we have sequestered ourselves from the company and (alas!) from the diet of our countrymen, and the experience thus acquired enables us to divide the boarding-houses of Milan into two categories—those in which you *must* pay in advance, and those in which you need not do so. The first are kept by Germans, or by baritones' wives, widows, or daughters; the second by old ladies who have seen better days, and who never will see them again. Of course, there are exceptions in both categories; sometimes, in the first, they make you pay, and sometimes, in the second, you need not pay at all, unless you like. Boarding-houses of the first category are very uninteresting and present no novel features; but the exceptions in the second one are worthy of commemoration, and it is the interior of one of these that we will describe, assuring, as Bacon wills it, that we are "not forward to tell stories." Many were there who left the dingy but hospitable roof over head and ears in debt, and came back with fame and money, great maestri or celebrated singers, and handsomely acknowledged its services. But many there were who traded on its kindness and who never gave it a thought when the hour of need had passed. At the time of the tale the house was full, and except in Balzac's "*pension bourgeoise*" we cannot think of a queerer agglomeration of types. With one exception we were all artists, and used to gather in full force at dinner-time only; some of us never got up till then—*histoire d'économiser deux repas*—others had lunch in their rooms; but as the clock struck half-past six the procession began. The first to arrive was a Cuban baritone who used to lift arm-chairs and weights before the meal, in order to get some appetite; his financial means consisted of a yearly purse of 400 frs. (16*l.*) voted by his native village, and paid in two six-monthly instalments of 8*l.* each. Of these he used to give Signora Rosa 2*l.* "on account," and with the remaining 6*l.* he ate oysters as long as the money lasted; after that he had not a farthing for months, and no credit. His artistic career was as meteoric as his glimpses of luxury, and he disappeared after having sung somewhere *una volta di seguito* (after a run of *one night*, so to say). Next to him sat a Spanish tenor, ex-torero, ex-contrabandista, ex-guerrillero, ex-Carlist captain, and ex-lots of other things; he had always a couple of razors about him, and being of a choleric and quarrelsome disposition, was not unnaturally avoided by the rest of the boarders. His neighbour at table was a Polish soprano—a pretty giggling girl—capable of singing twelve hours at a stretch and talking the hind leg off a donkey after that; she had a peculiar vernacular of her own, composed of a number of French words with Italian terminations—for instance, a chicken was with her *una pula*, an overcoat *un paltoto*, an armchair *un fotelio*, &c. Next to her sat a maestro, about whom a legend was got up to the effect that having found, one day, a cake of soap in his room, he had eaten it, not knowing the use of the com-

modity. We used to call him *il Genovese*, because he was from Leghorn. After him came a French dramatic soprano, got up as *ma tante Aurore*; another maestro, nicknamed Zuccone, who used to laugh after the style of the nigger-boy in a ventriloquist's show; an American soprano going up to *a flat* in alto; and a German bass, who, it was said, kept his voice in a coal-cellar. He kept also a diary; and, as astonishing as were the sounds which the man could produce, they were nowhere in comparison with that wonderful diary. It was not a record of events, but a programme for the day's work, made out the day before—that is, for instance, what Fritz would write down on Monday night to be executed on Tuesday in his *libretto ti agubazioni giornaliere* ("libretto di occupazioni giornaliere")—"I get up at 9 o'clock; wash at 9.5; scale of *c* major and minor three times at 9.10; milk at 9.15; rest until 9.30; exercises No. 3 up till *b flat* for twenty minutes; Luigi comes at 10 o'clock, and remains until 11 o'clock; at 11 o'clock twenty times the scale of *e flat*; at 12.5 I give a splendid high *f*; at 12.10 I go down to lunch"; and so on up till 10 o'clock at night, when the unexpected was given a chance. Fritz had struck an extraordinary friendship with the parrot of the house, and used to read German newspapers to him. There was another bass in our midst, a Sicilian, the most talented and the poorest of all. Not being able to afford a piano in his room, he manufactured an instrument, baptized forthwith *il ferroacavalpiandone*, and which consisted of thirteen horseshoes hung up against the wall, and forming the chromatic scale of *c*. With an old boot, as an indispensable complement of this unique percussion instrument, Cicia practised all his exercises and operas, and helped by his glorious voice, exceptional temperament, and extraordinary musical dispositions, found soon an engagement, and has been doing very well since. Next to him sat an engineer, an old bachelor, who wore a straw hat six months of the year, and a felt one the other six months; he never opened his mouth, even to say *buon pranzo*, until the soup was over, then he would smile and announce *eppur si muove!* He was a sort of fixture in the house; but not even the oldest boarders could remember his making another or a more original remark. Opposite him was a high chair, flanked by a parrot talking *meneghin* (the Milanese dialect) and a white poodle; that was the official seat of the landlady. Her niece sat next to her, watching equally sadly the voracious Cuban and the dainty American soprano. The soul of the company was a Russian composer, poor in health and in pocket, but a regular "*schirikaka natōra*" (large nature, *une riche nature*), as they call them in Russia. He had earned the esteem and the admiration of everybody before he was a week in the place through sitting on everybody in general, and on the *ex-torero* in particular. The last to arrive was a *maestro di canto*—a real one, the others were mere students—who invariably would burst into the room with, "*Aie, aie, aie, aie, povero Blasco!*" The dinners were generally lively, if not uproarious, but we never spoke more than six at a time; discussion was impossible, for few knew anything beyond their speciality, and what anybody had to say was generally about himself, not heeding if there were any listeners, and quite pleased with the simple opportunity of talking for the sake of talk—now and then somebody cracked a mild joke, or succeeded in relating something really funny, and then unthought-of peals of laughter would shake the basis of the house. Music did not suffer, however, from the want of discussion; there was a grand reception in the Russian's room every evening after dinner, and there, to the accompaniment of endless cups of tea from a good-sized *samovar*, everything from polkas and canzonettas to requiems and whole operas could be heard. The last trio from *Faust*, sung by three sopranos, three tenors, and two basses, accompanied by five pianos dragged out of the rooms into the passage, was not a performance to be met with every day.

THE STORM OF MAIDSTONE.

ON Thursday, June 1, 1648, occurred some of the most obstinate fighting of the Civil Wars in the streets of Maidstone, unnoticed by many historians who make much of the rough-and-tumble scuffle at Edgehill, or who exalt the skill and valour of the New Model Army in overthrowing little more than half their own number of Royalists at Naseby. A soldier, hot from the action at Maidstone, wrote the next

day:—"The streets were strongest fortified and the stoutest defended of any that I have known in all the late unhappy wars." Nor was the issue of the fighting at Maidstone without the very greatest importance upon the course of history.

In 1646, when the army, which was nominally the army of the Parliament, had won their victory, the much more difficult matter presented itself for settlement, what was to be done with the victory achieved. By 1648 this question had reached an acute stage. The country was not Presbyterian, nor was the army, yet Presbyterianism had been adopted by Parliament as the price of Scotch help in 1644. The country was not Republican, yet it was difficult to restore a defeated King to power over his conquerors. Those who had provoked an appeal to arms to maintain a Constitution were finding that constitutional government and military force refused to be united. To their credit, many of them were trying to retrace their steps, and to go back to the ancient Parliamentary monarchy as it stood in 1641. The combination of Royalists, moderate Parliamentarians, Scots, and sensible men who triumphed in 1660 were striving to come together on some common basis in 1648. They would unite more easily after two men then living were dead, and after the fanatics had been allowed rope enough to hang themselves withal. That their union was not more immediately successful, however, was very much owing to the outcome of the fight at Maidstone, and that outcome was owing to the genius of Fairfax, who in 1660 would be found upon the other side.

Since the end of 1647 Kent had been in a stir. The attempt to suppress Christmas Day in Canterbury, on the part of the Mayor, had led to a pretty riot. Shops had been closed, church service read, mince pies eaten, a football kicked about the streets, the Mayor rolled in the gutter. A fanatic barber, named White, had carried his active criticism of football further than it is carried now in the North; he had brought out a musket, and "aiming at nothing had missed it," and shot a fellow-townsmen. The Kentish Grand Jury had refused to find a true bill against the gentlemen alleged to have encouraged the riot, and had instead made the first draught of a petition to Parliament for an immediate disbanding of soldiers and a treaty with the King. In May 1648 the ships in the Downs had put on shore the army officer, Rainsborough, sent to command them, and had hoisted the Royal Standard. Walmer, Deal, and Sandown Castles were in their hands, Dover was blockaded, and all East Kent was up for the King. Essex, Surrey, and Sussex were stirring. London was full of sympathizers. The army, with that portion of the Parliament who agreed with them, were in perilous case. Parliamentary officers were up for the King in South Wales, Lord Byron had risen in North Wales. Cromwell was rapidly overcoming the Welsh movement, it is true, but he was far away with part of the army. Lambert, with another part, was in the North, momentarily expecting the invasion of the Scots and a rising in his rear. There was no doubt that the immense preponderance of popular feeling was, if not actively Royalist, at all events not with the army. The army leaders knew that they were fighting with the rope round their necks. If they were beaten, they were in great danger of being traitors, not only to the King, but to the Parliament. The Parliament was in a very unstable condition, and a reverse to the Independent army might easily lead to the outvoting of the Independent members by Presbyterians, moderates, and time-servers.

The ascendancy which can be exercised by a well-disciplined and well-led army was never more decisively shown; not even in the Austrian dominions in 1848 and 1849. Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, was holding London with a very inadequate force of regulars, and besides these with trainbands and militia, who were not absolutely to be depended upon, and who were, at all events, inferior in quality to the men whom they might have to face. Assembling from 7,000 to 8,000 men, Fairfax struck at once at Kent, anxious at all hazards to break the neck of the rising there before it could strike a responsive chord in London, Surrey, and Essex.

On May 29th he confronted the outposts of the Kentishmen on Blackheath. On the same day, twelve years later, some of those who then met were to meet in other fashion upon Blackheath to welcome Charles II. back to London. Refusing to treat, or to allow the passage of emissaries from the Royalists to the Parliament, Fairfax drove them back through Dartford and Northfleet, where there was a

skirmish, to their main line of defence upon the Medway. The Royalists occupied the passes over the river. They consisted of old officers and men of the Cavalier army, sailors, watermen, and apprentices from London, Kentish gentlemen and countrymen. They outnumbered the regular soldiers, but were not yet completely organized into an army, and were scattered over a long line of country. They had no commander-in-chief of undisputed position till, on the critical day, June 1st, they elected George Goring, Earl of Norwich, a kindly, inefficient old gentleman of sixty-five, who knew nothing of war, not to be confounded with his son, General Goring, an able soldier. Fairfax knew, however, that Rochester bridge was unassailable when held by an enemy who had artillery in position and vessels on the river. Above Rochester the next passage was the narrow stone bridge at Aylesford, twelve miles up by water, which the Royalists also held. The tidal river between was unfordable, and he had no boats. Four miles above Aylesford bridge was Maidstone bridge, where was also a Royalist force, but where, near the head waters of the tide, the river became smaller. Amusing the Royalists by a feint upon Rochester, and leaving a detachment in sight opposite to them there, the General marched off to his right behind the hills, through Meopham to Malling, whence, "after very long marches," to use his own words, he came over Barming Heath on to the high ground above Maidstone, but on the opposite, the west side, of the river.

This was late on the afternoon of the 1st of June. In front of him was the long, narrow bridge of Maidstone, the town behind it barricaded and defended by six iron and two brass pieces of cannon. The Royalist forces upon the high ground of Pennenden Heath, and between that and Rochester, could mark his movements with "perspective glasses," and were free to hasten to the defence of either Maidstone or Aylesford, according as they saw the army fall on. To the right of Fairfax, however, the bend of the river brought Farleigh Bridge nearer to him than Maidstone, while it was much further than Maidstone from the Royalist main body. It was but slightly guarded, and thither Fairfax sent a body of dragoons to secure a passage over the river, with a view probably to an attack early the next day, or to manœuvres in the open, outside Maidstone, where the inexperienced adversary would be at his mercy. The Independent dragoons, however, after mastering Farleigh Bridge, pursued their advantage so briskly as to become seriously engaged with the Royalists, who held the hedges and the roads blocked with trees, about a mile south of Maidstone, half-way between the town and Farleigh Bridge, along the course of the brook at Tovil. Horse and foot followed over Farleigh Bridge in support, till the action became general between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. The Lord General, who at Naseby had forgotten the part of a commander-in-chief to prove himself a brave company officer, could not keep out of the fight. He alighted from his coach—he was, we are told, in bad health—and came on foot among his men. The defenders were driven from hedge to hedge into the confines of the town. The little river Len, which skirted the southern side of Maidstone, offered an opportunity for defence; but the bridge over it from Stone Street to Gabriel's Hill was carried with little resistance, and at nine o'clock the assailants found themselves in the town. Then came the sharpest fighting. The streets were barricaded and the houses stoutly held. A rainstorm burst over the combatants. In the words of one who was there, "Their ordnance loaded with case shot did us some mischief before we could get under their shot. The rain was more disadvantage to us than to them; for they shot out of windows and at doors." The matches of the musketeers got damp in rain.

While this desperate fighting was going on in Maidstone the Royalist commander was in a pitiable condition of perplexity. As he frankly admitted afterwards upon his trial, he never valued himself for his courage. In place of summoning every available man to the succour of Maidstone, he withdrew to Rochester, and there consulted what was to be done. By that time nothing was of any use. Scattered bodies of men were flying from Maidstone and hiding in the hop-gardens, and the remaining defenders, fighting hard from street to street, had been forced back upon the church, where about midnight the survivors surrendered, having manfully done their duty. Rushworth, who was with the army, wrote next morning to the Parliament of the engagement, "which, in brief, was such as never was since these wars began; this army

struggled with so much difficulty to overcome a stubborn and resolute enemy." Sailors, the men from London, and the old Cavalier officers had been foremost; but the Kentish men boasted that Maidstone was honourably distinguished by her losses, and that the number of young widows who remarried in the next six years was a proof that the husbands of Maidstone had known when to die. There are no burials in the registers for the year. The dead must have been disposed of wholesale. Of the prisoners a certain number were sold to the Venetians as soldiers. Perhaps their wives married again. The prompt action of Fairfax had broken the dangerous strength of the movement. Norwich and those who stayed with him broke away from Rochester towards London, crossed the Thames into Essex, and were finally shut up by their indefatigable pursuer in Colchester, to stand the last real siege in England. The Scots, coming too late, and still not ready, were destroyed by Lambert and Cromwell through Lancashire, from Preston to Winwick. The moderate party in revolution learned, for neither the first nor the last time, that it was not they, but the thoroughgoing men, who could alone determine how far changes once set afoot were to go on.

A NEW GOSPEL OF CRITICISM AND ———

IN the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. William Archer has an article called "The Drama in the Doldrums," wherein he sets forth a New Gospel of Criticism, which certainly should not be passed without comment. The main purpose of the article is merely to repeat the allegations, of which most people are weary, concerning the "separation between culture and the drama." Throughout the article it is taken for granted that there are "New Critics" and that there is a "New Criticism." Mr. Archer's main statement, regarding the position of criticism, is contained in the following passage:—"Let us see, then, how the three estates of the theatrical realm—authors, actors (including actor-managers), and critics—stand affected in the matter. The attitude of the fourth estate—the public—is already sketched," &c. The illustration of classification here taken shows such delightful and absolute ignorance of constitutional forms that, with it before our eyes, we might well hesitate to accept the plain meaning of Mr. Archer's arrogant demand. But throughout the article we find the same idea so often insisted on, and in so many different forms, that we must perforce accept it as it literally stands. For instance, the following passages:—"The general belief that the theatre was flourishing beyond all precedent inclined people to come and see it flourish. They began to read about it and to think about it; and here, I take it, the trouble set in." "The success of *The Profligate* is a matter of history, and to that success we, the New Critics, contributed at least our fair share." "Did the Old Critics, man for man and paper for paper, do more than we to secure the success of *The Middleman*, *Judah*, and *The Dancing Girl*?" "Was it the New Criticism or the Old that killed *The Pharisee*?" "Was it the New Criticism or the Old that massacred *Beau Austin*?" "Intellect is frightened away from the stage, not only by outward deterrents such as the Old Criticism, &c." "The Old Critics whose word is law to the actor-managers." All these passages repeat and support the contention that the theatrical critic is an integral portion of the theatrical realm; but Mr. Archer is not content to leave him in this vague position. He actually brings him into the government of the realm, and makes him a member of the cabinet. "Surely," he says, "it is the business of criticism . . . to aid in the search for, or rather the development of the drama of the future." Now, what does all this mean? What is its present effect and what its logical conclusion? Up to now we have been content to think that Criticism—whether Old or New, whatever her scope or range—holds her station apart from and above that which is the subject of her labour; that her place is in the judgment-seat, and not behind the stall of barter, or going to and fro in the market-place. This belief is, we are sure, that held in common by all honourable journalists and reviewers of that Old school so sweepingly condemned by Mr. Archer. If the critic is to take a place as an accessory before the fact, how in the names of Truth and Justice is he to exercise his special function afterwards? Should not Mr. Archer invent a new word for his new functionary

of exploration and exploitation in the "theatrical realm," instead of disturbing the existing terminology of the world of letters? Surely, "critic" and "criticism" might be left to their time-honoured meanings.

It is well to be careful in such matters; for, by Mr. Archer's own showing, serious objections are to be urged against each and all of the estates of the theatrical realm; authors, actors, and even critics are none of them without blame. The authors are "commercial" to an extent which practically puts them outside the pale of art. Even the chosen few for whom any good word is to be said are not exempt. "The native drama," says Mr. Archer, "the stock-in-trade of the ordinary commercial theatre, has lost its prestige"; and again, "Each [the selected authors, Messrs. Pinero, Jones, and Grundy] in his several way has talent in plenty. But they all received their training some ten years before it had occurred to any one in England to conceive of dramatic writing as an art, not a trade"; "it is the artist's first business, not to fill his pocket, but to satisfy his soul." "To the English mind the joy of creation, of artistic production in and for itself, is a thing unknown." "The born artist cannot *will* to be a tradesman." It is true that Mr. Archer rather gives himself away in this connexion by a splenetic allegation:—"The feebleness of the artistic impulse in our own playwrights is proved by their attitude towards the Independent Theatre"; but his meaning throughout is pretty apparent—if Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones would promise a play to this enterprise, and so "fill Mr. Grein's exchequer," the reproach would be lifted from them. Logically, Mr. Archer's blame will then turn to praise. If there seem to be any harsh inference here, logic alone must be blamed, or else Mr. Archer himself, for the premises are his own. As to the second estate in the theatrical realm—the actors—they are dismissed *en bloc* with a contemptuous "aside." "The actor, however little he may like to be told so, is a parasite upon the play." There remain, then, only the critics. But it is not to be supposed that even they are what they should be. Theatrical critics, with the exception of some three or four, belong to the Old school of criticism—a school which, from Mr. Archer's remarks, would seem to be effete so far as good is concerned, but still active, both positively and negatively, for evil. This Old Criticism seems to have entirely missed or foregone its proper function, inasmuch as it has not taken an active part in aiding to foist on the British public as elevating forces the nastinesses and dulnesses, physical, mental, and moral, of the Scandinavian school.

Such, then, is, according to Mr. Archer, the existing state of affairs with regard to the "theatrical realm," including its third estate of critics. Now let us see what would be the result of carrying out his theory of theatrical criticism; whither would logic lead us, starting from his facts and preserving his theories. There would seem to be two ways open. One of these is where the critic—critic in its new sense, we must always remember—would be a member of an ideal guild, where everything was done for love of art, and in violation of all the principles of "commercialism," which is Mr. Archer's way of speaking of political economy. In this ideal state of the "theatrical realm" no one is to be paid for anything. The successful authors of the day, to whom the public look for certain of their amusements, are to give up "the pestilent habit of success," to use Mr. Archer's phrase, in order to produce "avowedly uncommercial" plays in "avowedly uncommercial" theatres. In the following phrase they are solaced for forbearance:—"It can be no disgrace, even in the eyes of the actor-managers, not to make money when you deliberately abjure from the outset all thought of profit." With this ideal author and manager working together to insure a want of success in the ordinary sense, the New Critic is to throw in his lot, and is to scour the byways of literature, so as to bring new want of grist to the non-productive mill. The actor need not be considered at all, since, being a parasite, he simply lives on the manager and author, with, let us say, a little sustenance now and again from the critic. Is it worth while to pursue this side of Mr. Archer's bizarre argument further? Would it not be as well to be able to start with either the ideal and non-commercial manager or author, and then we might proceed logically to the critic's place in the endeavour?

So much for the non-commercial part of the argument. Let us, therefore, follow the other side of it, that on which common sense and knowledge of men are enlisted. As the ranks of "criticism," Old or New, are not going to be

entirely recruited from the class of millionaires, the critic must, in the main, live by his work—even Mr. Archer cannot be supported entirely by manna or by "will-power"—and the work must be paid for either by direct money payment or else by payment in "meal or in malt." Now, which method of earning his wage is the more honourable, that of the Old fashion or the New? In the former the critic, as a working man of letters, looks to his editor or the proprietor of his paper for the reward of his labour. What he does is done for the paper, and to it alone he looks for reward. Thus, whilst the critic *qua* critic can be on terms of the most perfect friendliness and even of intimacy with the man whose work he criticizes, these two are completely independent of each other, and any intrusion upon the field of the other's work would be at once resented. But in the new order of things set forth by Mr. Archer the critic's position would be a different one. He would seemingly at the first go about after the manner of a collector of "freaks" for "dime shows," and having secured some suitable product would place it under the eye of some particular manager. He would then take another active part, and "aid in the development" of the success. Lastly, he would take his place (Old-fashioned meaning of the word), and give the public an unbiassed opinion of the play as it stood. Now where in this sequence of functions is the theatrical critic (New-fashioned meaning) to take his reward—where, so to speak, is he to find his point of contact with the capitalist or speculator? It cannot be from the newspaper that he will be paid, for no editor in his senses would employ a man to criticize work in the doing of which he had himself a share. It must, therefore, be from the theatre; and it must be either direct or indirect. If the former, then the critic (New-fashioned meaning) is to be simply and openly acknowledged as a paid servant of the theatre. This would be an impossible position for a man with any sense whatever either of dignity or of ridicule; for his profession and his performance being at direct variance, a very short time would by force of public opinion compel his relinquishment of one or other of his incompatible functions. There remains, then, only the indirect payment of the critic by the theatre (New-fashioned meaning). Does Mr. Archer understand what this would mean? Nay, what it must mean within a short time? The answer is an ugly one; but it is better that it be spoken now before Mr. Archer's pernicious doctrine can be carried into practice by any new disciple of the New School of Criticism. It would mean simply what men call Black Mail; and this, we take it, is an equipment which should not be found to have a place in the armoury of any honourable man—critic or no critic—of the Old School or of the New. Mr. Archer will do well to take this reasoning into his best consideration.

REVIEWS.

MR. STEVENSON'S FOOT-NOTE TO HISTORY.*

IT would doubtless be easy to find a history or a contribution to history more important in substance than Mr. Stevenson's much-expected work on the recent fortunes of Samoa. It would also be easy to find a work of Mr. Stevenson's more interesting to the average and sensual man than this. But we are by no means sure that it would be easy or possible to find another book combining the peculiar attractions of this volume. It is as if "P. P. Clerk of this parish" had been a man of genius. Not only the world, but all possible or conceivable worlds, would not hold the "foot-notes to history" that should be written on this scale; nay, we may go further, and admit that, if a large number of foot-notes were to be written on this scale, outraged humanity would be justified in treating them on the principles of the Caliph Omar. But the thing as it is, coming from its author, and considering the moment of the world's history at which it appears, is of very great value indeed. A wise critic will be guided in regard to it by those principles which were followed by that somewhat rough diamond William de la Marck at the siege of Schonwaldt. He will decree to Mr. Stevenson a silver—nay, since silver has gone down in the market, a gold—cup for writing it. He will reserve to himself full liberty of knitting up to the stanchions of the hall window anybody who attempts such a thing again.

There are about half a dozen different points of view from

* A Foot-note to History—Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa. By R. L. Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co.

which this *Foot-note to History* may be considered. It is a remarkable piece of impressionism applied for almost the first time, unless some performances of Victor Hugo's may be considered to have anticipated it, to history. It is a capital, though now and then rather over-mannered, piece of writing. But it is also the first really remarkable instance, and is probably destined to remain as the capital example, of a history written at first-hand of the dealings of civilized man with uncivilized in conditions which make the instance an almost unmatched mean-example. It is from this latter point of view that we suppose Mr. Stevenson would prefer to have it treated; it is, at any rate, from this point of view that we intend to treat it. From this point any mistakes of excess in detail, any exaggeration of the parochial point of view, which may occur are of little importance, and become almost merits. From another they might perhaps assume an importance which would unfavourably affect the judgment of the critic.

The said critic, if he is to consider matters critically, may be warned not to be patriotic overmuch. Perhaps Mr. Stevenson takes a rather too unfavourable view of the conduct of the various representatives of his own country in this story. An Englishman must also perforce agree with him that the position of English consuls and English captains was false throughout; but it may be doubted whether Captain Hand (of whom he speaks so severely) was doing much more than obeying his instructions not to quarrel unnecessarily with the representatives of Germany. After all, "take or leave" is one of the best of maxims. We think ourselves that the English Government, on more occasions than one, was wrong in not taking Samoa when Samoa offered herself. Our doctrine is "*prenez toujours*," and we are sure that it is only by the observance of this doctrine that the kingdom of England has been built up. But in this particular case the state of affairs was not so simple. We do not discern any sufficient reason for the predominance accorded to Germany in Samoa, and as for the insane braggadocio of Herr Knappe, Prince Bismarck settled that matter long ago. Mr. Stevenson, too, has himself judged with just severity the conduct of those Englishmen and Americans who privately grudged, and tried to stick spokes in the wheels of, German success. And we do not know that any other rule is to be applied to the public representatives of the country. After all, very little could have been gained by taking sides with the United States against Germany. It was very well and very pretty of Admiral Kimberley to congratulate Captain Kane on the exploit of the *Calliope*, and it was equally pretty and equally well of Captain Kane to reciprocate this amiability. But, speaking in the cold hard daylight, we know that, on the whole, there is rather more ill-will in the United States towards England than there is in Germany; that, if American power were established on the seas, and especially on the South Seas, it would be quite as bad for England as if Germany ruled there. The only possible line for an Englishman to take towards Teuton and American was either "A plague of both your houses," or else "We are under orders to see this job through together as far as we can, and so far as neither of you behaves himself quite intolerably it is our cue not to oppose or back either." Taking it altogether, the various representatives of England seem to have got through their rather ungrateful part fairly well. It was an ungrateful part, and by no means a heroic one. But it had to be gone through, and in strict equity we do not know that those who carried the yielding a little too far are to be blamed more than those who carried the resisting a little too far. The position, we repeat, was false. England ought either to have retired altogether, or to have told Dutchmen and Yankees both to go to the deuce and have seen that they went.

The Germans (for the United States may be said to have chiefly exaggerated the error of England, blustering rather more and doing rather less) approached nearer to the traditional part—the part a thousand times repeated, but nowhere fully historied—of a white nation with "niggers" than either Englishmen or Americans. There were the vague claims of the "German firm," the heirs of the defunct and bankrupt Godeffroy. There was the general spirit in which, during the second Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, Germans went about the world annexing and to annex. There were the private idiosyncrasies of the different persons—Becker, Brandeis, Knappe, Stuebel, and the rest—of whom Mr. Stevenson gives vivid portraits here. But the general tendency was towards a sort of *naïf* and childlike desire (which we ourselves have outgrown for the most part by dint of longer practice) first to outwit the natives by the use of forms which they did not understand, and then to bully them if they objected to the results of the outwitting. At the same time the triple mis-alliance (as it may be called) modified this action in the same curious way in one direction as the inferior local strength of Englishmen and Americans did in the other. It was never quite safe for a German consul or commander to treat Samoa as if it were a

French village convicted of having fed *franco-tireurs*, and he knew it. At some times the other two Powers had force on the spot which would have exposed him to positive danger. At all a stiff-necked English or American commander might, at the risk of getting his own ship sunk, have made it terribly awkward for the Germans. The consequence was that the "peace of civilization, which passeth all understanding," has been applied to Samoa hitherto in a comparatively mild and tolerable fashion. Mr. Stevenson, with characteristic generosity, finds it magnanimous of the Germans not to have revenged the distinct and very humiliating defeat which the local levies of Mataafa inflicted on the landed crews of the German squadron; and is even kind enough to make excuses for the defeat itself, in which no less than a hundred and fifty German sailors and marines were hopelessly worsted, and lost a good third of their number, in a fight against no very overwhelming force of savages. We are unable to take such a friendly view of the skirmish at Fangalii. It was (fortunately for Germany on a much smaller scale) a thing more discreditable than Isandhlwana and not much less discreditable than Majuba. But the Germans were utterly in the wrong. They were in a position where any attempts to wreak vengeance would have brought England and the United States at once on them; and their home, if not their local, authorities had the sense to see it. The praise of sense they may receive, the praise of magnanimity can hardly be awarded to them, unless we give it to him who did eat, and eke he swore. Nay, Pistol had nothing to gain by eating in addition to his freedom from risk of a beating; the Germans in Samoa had.

However, this is a by-issue. The main thing is that, thanks to this system of actual, though imperfect, counterpoises, the dealings of the civilized man with the uncivilized are exhibited here in a fashion less painful to the heart of sensibility, and at the same time more obvious to the eye of understanding, than in almost any other instance known to us. Mr. Stevenson dwells not a whit too strongly on the absolute absence of what may be called a fair common intelligence between the three interfering Powers and their protégés or victims. Everybody can sympathize with the sufferings of poor Malietoa (whom, it seems, we ought to call Laupepa) when he was carried to the Cameroons, to the Marshalls, and whither not. The echoing in our own ears of names like Zebbeh, Arabi, Ja Ja, and so forth, alone prevents us from waxing exceedingly eloquent on this point. But we feel it all the same. Mr. Stevenson's great service, however, is the way in which he brings home to us the practical impossibility of arranging, as we and others have attempted to arrange, the affairs of Samoa. The Samoans were, by the arrangement of Berlin, to elect their king, "in accordance with all the laws and customs of Samoa." As Mr. Stevenson points out, not only has this engagement been practically violated, but it is almost impossible to put it in any form that is intelligible to a Samoan ear. We—the triple We—have very kindly endowed them with Chief Justices and Presidents, and all sorts of other beautiful red-taperies which are rather costly and utterly useless to them. There is at least a considerable and abiding suspicion, not confined to native minds, that judges, consuls, and what not are apt to decide legal and other disputes with no small reference to their own interests and those of their friends. But what good has been done, or is being done, to the natives themselves in all this is apparent *nequam nullibi nullimodis*. Now we, who are "Jingos," should mind this very little if some good were being done to England; but, apparently, it is not. And a German Jingo would, no doubt, regard it with much indifference if the efforts of the great Baron Senft von Pilsach (of whom Mr. Stevenson speaks here with the kindly interest of an anatomist in his "subject") had any obvious or immediate prospect of bringing grist to German mills. But, as far as we can make out, that is not the case. We are meddling with the natives; we are preventing them from living their life, as far as such easy-going creatures can be prevented, in the quasi-beneficent circumstances of a three-piled and three-checked protectorate. But we are doing no good to them, nor to ourselves, nor to any other.

This rather doleful sermon on the great but useless text "Can't you let it alone?" is, we need hardly say, illustrated and diversified in the book before us by the exercise of many most agreeable gifts and graces. An enemy might perhaps say that it is written in Mr. Stevenson's harder and more artificial style, with a certain touch of the "stays" about it, a certain primness and want of abandon. But it is a gracious primness, and lets itself be read as easily at least as your most easy-going and loosely-girt styles. The description of the great hurricane of three years ago is of course a purple patch; but there are not many such azure feats going about nowadays. The description of the fight at Fangalii wants perhaps the high lights with which Carlyle was wont to emphasize and, if we may coin a word,

"precise" the best of his own battle-pictures; but it has much of the quality of the best Carlylian writing, with a different mannerism than Carlyle's. Although, as is almost inevitable, there is here and there a certain assumption of familiarity on the reader's part with matters of which it may be safely said that most probable readers will be utterly ignorant, the whole narrative is perfectly lucid and limpid, and insists that the reader shall not put it down. But the great merit of the whole is the admirable and omnipresent picture of the Polynesian character, seldom emerging in set strokes or studies, but built up here a little and there a little with innumerable minute touches, and impressing itself all the more from the gradual and unobtrusive fashion of the delineation. We had all heard, of course, that the inhabitants of the Happy Isles, to whom Cook and Bougainville came as the "denouncers" in diplomatic sense of their happiness, were children ever. But their childlikeness has nowhere been set before us with such a felicitous combination of analysis and synthesis as here.

AUNT ANNE.*

MRS. CLIFFORD has, with other gifts and equipments of a novelist, those of combining fullness and terseness, and of knowing, with a happy tact, when a description of a character by the author may with advantage supplement what a reader has already gathered for himself. Thus, although we know a good deal about the very original little old lady and heroine, Aunt Anne, before we have got past the middle of the first volume, we seem to understand her better, both in the past and for the future, when Mrs. Clifford has drawn special attention to some of her salient points. Aunt Anne has been for some time a widow, has been left with no money, and has lighted on her feet as companion to a young and rich married woman, who pets her and humours her. The old lady is always making presents for which the recipients have, in the end, to pay. Also she has just run up a bill for dress with Mme. Célestine—whom she has no intention of paying:—

"She looked upon her as an inferior who must be content to wait till it was the pleasure of her superior to remember her bill, and any reminder of it she resented as a liberty. She spent a happy and very excited hour in Regent Street, and at eleven o'clock stood on the kerbstone, critically looking for a hansom. . . . She liked driving in hansoms; she was of opinion that they were well constructed, a great improvement on older modes of conveyance, and that it was the positive duty of people in a certain rank of life to encourage all meritorious achievements with their approval. . . . She was keenly sensible of making effects, and it was odd, but for all her eccentricities, there was in her the making of a great lady; or it might have seemed to a philosophical speculator that she was made of the worn-out fragments of some past great lady, and dimly remembered at intervals her former importance. She had perfect control over her manner, and could use it to the best advantage; she had reserve, a power of keeping off familiarity, a graciousness, a winsomeness when she chose, that all belonged to a certain type and a certain class."

Again, as she watched the passing omnibuses she wondered "what the lower class would do without them," rejoiced that they had not got to do without them, and so was able to "enjoy her own superior condition without compunction."

It is Mrs. Clifford's fine perception and skill which, in spite of misplaced touchiness, haughtiness, folly, and extravagance, make Aunt Anne lovable, through all her varying fortunes up to the last shattering calamity which is the direct result of her strange and silly, yet pathetic, infatuation. And the fact that the author has been able to do this bears closely upon what seem to us the prominent faults of the book. It has been hinted that there is more than a touch of pathos in the crowning folly of Aunt Anne's life. Without it, indeed, the story of a young man deliberately making a fool of a woman much more than old enough to be his mother, craftily and ruthlessly making her fall in love with him, from the lowest of motives, and when he has persuaded her to a marriage which on his side is bigamous, persistently neglecting her, and finally revealing his loathing for her in the most brutal terms—without a convincing motive on the woman's side, such a story would be completely intolerable. In the present case it would be hard to better the author's treatment of this motive. The half-superstitious belief that her present happiness is a sign of forgiveness for a past act of thoughtless cruelty, and the absorbing faith in the scoundrel Wimple loving her really, and that solely for herself, are put before us in the most natural way by a number of

delicate touches. But the very fineness of handling in this matter accentuates by contrast the unhappily Boulevard-ish treatment of the villain's character. He is a monster, and, we regret to add, "a very weak monster." To say that a man in a book is too uniformly wicked to be true to nature is to say a rash thing, on which Lever's preface to *Roland Cashel* affords an instructive commentary. There have been many people quite as wicked as Alfred Wimple, but they have had more strength of mind and fewer scraps of decent impulse. The man who is idiot enough to palm off cuttings from Scotch papers as original articles on an editor, who is described as a clever man (but on that occasion he wasn't), is not the man to contrive a plot against Aunt Anne, which but for an accident would have got for him all he wished. Mrs. Clifford may answer that the accident came of his own selfish stupidity; but that kind of stupidity swears with the rest of his character. It seems to us that the author has set herself to make an original figure of a sordid villain by stuffing it with all kinds of incongruous materials, and that the result is but a patchwork dummy, whose shape is as awry and as apart from any conceivable travesty of human semblance as can be. Again, the creature's brutality at, for instance, p. 139, vol. ii., is too obviously out of keeping, especially as the here exaggerated mood has been artistically dealt with but a few pages back. And yet, again, though Wimple is repulsive from the first moment of his first appearance, not the most practised novel-reader could guess till far on in the book what "an out-and-outer" he really is. This is the more curious because, from the first quaint and pretty appearance of Aunt Anne at Brighton and in her queer cottage at Rottingdean, the author manages in some indefinable way to surround her fantastic figure with an atmosphere which, bright at the moment, yet seems to bear with it the breath of the storm.

If the main plot is saved by the author's admirable exposition of her heroine's character, the same may be said in a lesser degree of the underplot. It would have been better from every point of view to have here some unsullied brightness as a contrast to Aunt Anne's sorrows. Brightness there certainly is in the character of Mrs. North, and skill in giving readers the impression that she was at least as much sinned against as sinning, without telling them one word as to the supposed facts of her story. But why drag in a *divorcée*, à propos of nothing whatever that is important to the characterization or plot of a story, and why reward her for being the bright character of a novel with a sombre plot by uniting her to her former lover and giving her happiness for life at the end? That they were really happy no sensible person will believe, but that is what the reader is expected to think.

For the rest, there are slips here and there. Monte Cristo, for instance, and Mrs. North signing her married name after her divorce, when she specially wants to be unknown. But the writing is throughout good, the descriptions neither laboured nor scamped, and the subordinate characters are natural if not interesting. However, it is by Aunt Anne herself that the book must, to our thinking, stand or fall; and, if this view is shared by other readers, there is not much danger of its falling.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.*

"POUR exécuter de grandes choses, il faut vivre comme si on ne devait jamais mourir," says Vauvenargues; and Mr. Payne's interpretation of the maxim seems to be that a gentleman who is about to write a history of America should plan it as if he could count on a hundred and fifty working years of life. This first volume contains 546 pages, and the author is as yet only in sight of the Spanish settlements on the mainland. He has stopped in the middle of a preliminary account of the native peoples. From his preface, and from various passages in the text, we gather that Mr. Payne intends to tell the history of "the New World called America" down to the revolt of the Spanish colonies, if not later. In one place he speaks of an account to be given, further on, of the rise of the naval power of England. Where Mr. Payne expects to reach this rise—no trifling subject in itself—we cannot, of course, know; but we guess at about vol. xxv. There will then be another 100 volumes ahead of him. Now, we have no wish but that University College should see Mr. Payne surpass the years of Routh, and we hope his age will be as old Adam's—"a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." Yet we cannot flatter him with the hope that he will see the end of the course he has set out to run if he persists in travelling as he has started. The subject is not in itself beyond the powers of a well-girt man. Mr. Payne

* *Aunt Anne*. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

* *History of the New World called America*. By Edward John Payne, Fellow of University College. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

has himself with some rashness given us a standard of comparison by a mention of the *Decline and Fall*. He is inclined to speak but lightly of the matter of that mighty work as a mere history of decadence in comparison with the youth and wonderful growth of the New World. But he will not, we are sure, be so foolish as to dispute the immense complexity of that greatest of histories, to question its scope, or to deny the variety of the men, nations, institutions, and religions which are to be found in it. Yet Gibbon embraced all this and held it tight, giving the essential in about five, or, to allow a proper margin, six such volumes as this of Mr. Payne's. How would it have been with him if he had taken 550 pages to reach the end of his third chapter—which is the rate of progress up till now of this new historian of the New World? He would have passed his life like the strenuously idle artist held up as a warning by Sir Joshua Reynolds—in “a provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite inquiry and research.” To be sure he might have done worse. He might have turned out the whole mass of his material without selection or arrangement into fifty volumes; but though that method might have secured him the respect of the modern “Sociologist,” it would have had this unfortunate consequence, that English literature would have wanted the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

To be candid, it is only too clear to us that, under whatever weight of volumes following on this the shelf may be destined to groan, English literature will not be enriched by Mr. Payne with a *History of the New World called America*. The candid reader who has accompanied us so far may, perhaps, suppose that since the author takes such an inordinate space to tell his tale, he is tiresomely minute in his account of events. But he is not. On the contrary, he is extraordinarily jejune, brief, and lifeless. His volume contains two books, of which the first and shorter alone deals with history. In this he gives an account of Spanish and other exploration on the coast of America down to the point at which the form of the eastern side of the continent was fixed with approximate accuracy, and the Spaniards were about to begin their invasion of Mexico. This is a considerable subject, and a man might very well give 243 pages to it, which is the length of Mr. Payne's first book. He dismisses it in less than half these pages, or thereabouts. The voyages of Columbus himself are told in the very briefest manner; while those of his successors are dismissed, as a rule, with a date at the beginning and the end, while between comes a dry notice of the course of their exploration. Of the space which he does give to the actions of the discoverers, part is wasted on round assertions on matters of opinion, unsupported by evidence or argument. To take an example, Mr. Payne asserts that Columbus was an incompetent governor. Perhaps he was, but no evidence to that effect is given in the book. Towards Columbus himself Mr. Payne maintains the attitude of Carlyle's “imbecile” friend Noble to Cromwell. He is “open to receive good of him, and to receive evil, even inconsistent evil.” But Mr. Payne's narrative of events is always so vague and general that it is difficult to come to close quarters with him. How then, it may be asked, does he contrive to fill his 243 pages? In the simplest way in the world—in a way described by the ingenious Mr. Pope, if he does not “prove the thing till all men doubt it,” he does “talk about it, Goddess, and about it.” He marches out his Turanians and Aryans, flies from Chaldea to the Nile Valley, and hurries back through Babylon to the plains of Media. Much of his first book is devoted to notices of the earlier European knowledge of Asia, and to an account of classical and mediæval geographical speculation. No doubt it is desirable to tell us what was the knowledge and what were the guesses of men as to the form of the earth when Columbus sailed—Robertson, or even Prescott, would have done it in five pages. Mr. Payne does it as if he were writing a history of geographical science, with digressions on the “Observations of Aristotle on the Hispano-Indian Hypotheses,” on “The ‘New World’ in Roman Literature,” on “The Suasoria to Alexander,” on “The Plurality of *Oikoumenai* developed by Strabo,” and so on. Of course, by letting it all go in in this fashion, the writing of what one may call “prize pig” books is not much more difficult than lying. One does not see where the fluent historian need stop. If the history of geographical speculation is a necessary preliminary to the voyage of Columbus, why not a whole history of shipbuilding, of which Mr. Payne does say something, or of navigation? Our author might quite as excusably give us the whole story of the mariner's compass, and settle Amalfi's hash. Indeed, seeing that whatever happens in the world is in some sort the result of all that happened before, why should not an exhaustive universal history be written as preface to every historical book? By adopting this method an historian might, with some industry and working in safe generalities, hope to rival the productiveness of a scholastic philosopher.

We see no reason why he should not; but, then, we see many reasons why he should be perfectly unreadable when he does.

Mr. Payne does not, we gather, rely on his first book, but on his second, to establish his fame. We are prepared in the preface for this second part which is to contain an explanation of the growth of all civilizations. It opens with a solemn warning against the folly of supposing that European causes can account for American history. The necessity of understanding why everything was so, and particularly in America, is ponderously inculcated. The way is prepared for the *deuoi* who are to bring the offerings to the shrine of Sociology. Then crowned and magnificently attired in capital letters in they march as “THE SUBSTITUTION OF AN ARTIFICIAL FOR A NATURAL BASIS OF SUBSISTENCE.” This is the reading of the riddle of the painful earth which Mr. Payne has been constrained to spell out because he could not otherwise explain “the facts under investigation” by any theory struck out by anybody else. Mr. Payne felt that he could not tell us what the native American communities were until he had found out how they came to be what they were, and that, again, could not be done without inquiring into human progress since the beginning of time. Now this method is unquestionably sovereign for the production of big books. As to its novelty or its value there may be more difference of opinion. Mr. Payne's doctrine has to us much the look of a mere variation on Mr. Buckle's “rice and river theory.” Like that schoolboy generalization, when you look into it you find that what is presented to you as an explanation of the cause is uncommonly like a mere restatement of the results in slightly different words. The misfortune of these ingenious theories is that they have a killing resemblance to the medical learning of Sganarelle:—“Vostre fille est muette” and “cela vient de ce qu'elle a perdu la parole”; the cause of which loss “tous nos meilleurs auteurs vous diront que c'est l'empeschement de l'action de sa langue.” At the best they only put us back a step. The “rice and river” produce civilization on the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile—but durra and the river do not produce civilization on the Congo, nor do maize and the river in the valleys of the Parana or Mississippi. Why not? Because the people did not use them properly. Why not, if the physical conditions are all important, and the quality of the race nothing? To that question Mr. Buckle had no answer to give, nor has Mr. Payne. When we look into it, we find that maize has been cultivated and stored from the lakes to Paraguay, yet it was only in Mexico, Central America, and some of the valleys of the Andes, that anything deserving to be called an approach to civilization was found. Why this difference? The old historian would have noted the fact, have attributed it, if to anything, then to the qualities of the race, and, having spoken of that mystery of mysteries, would have been content to follow out the history of its working. The modern sociological historian, immensely conscious that he must be scientific, and must know the why of everything, goes along explaining with explanations which are restatements of the fact, when they are not mere strings of names. Mr. Payne abounds in these strings to an insufferable degree. There are passages of his book which remind us of the famous *procès verbal*. We found upon the mantelpiece, said the French lawyer's clerk, neither clock, nor ornaments, nor a calendar, nor a match-box, nor a looking-glass, nor any of the things usually found on a mantelpiece. There was nothing on the mantelpiece. This is a very attractive method for people who are paid by the folio; but in an historian it can only be accounted for by a natural, though corrupt, love of verbosity. Mr. Payne cannot tell us that the Americans had few domesticated animals without an excursus on the animals other peoples have had, from the elephant to the hog. Of this animal he says that it is only reared to be eaten—a serious oversight in so exhaustive a writer. It is also employed to find truffles. When he comes to vegetables he is equally long-winded. Not content with text, he has a note on the connexions of different ways of preparing grain with various stages of savagery, barbarism, and early civilization. Porridge is the “favourite food of advanced barbarism.” If Mr. Payne ever stands for a Scotch constituency this will be brought up against him by the grim heckler. Pancakes belong to the “transition from barbarism.” One almost expects a disquisition on pine-apple fritters, which have a manifest connexion with South America.

Want of space compels us to leave unnoticed much of Mr. Payne's volume. The last two hundred pages or so are devoted to the religion of the Americans, and the author is able to boast with pardonable pride that he “has thus disposed of the purely fictitious goddess, ‘Teoyaminqui,’ of the Mexican antiquaries, the hideous ‘bear-faced’ Tezcatlipoca of Bernal Diaz, and the alleged worship of the one true invisible supreme God by Nezahualcoyotl.” We dare say they will all be put back by another learned gentle-

man some day. In the meantime, it is amusing to see how confident our present learned gentlemen are about the beliefs and the deities of a very barbarous people, of which deities and beliefs they, on their own showing, know nothing except on the evidence of ill-informed authorities who contradict one another. Mr. Payne might create in ill-regulated minds a prejudice against himself at the very beginning by his pompous, self-conscious way of talking about the functions of the modern historian and the especial dignity of American history. The qualities of the historian have no more changed in modern times than those of the poet, and American, like other history, is the record of the conflicts of man with man, and of his own religious and political beliefs. You do not introduce a new method of writing history by embedding a thin, half-told narrative of action in heaps of so-called "sociological facts" about food-supply. The "old ethnologists," says Mr. Payne, "even agree in considering the presence of indigenous food-roots as among the causes of early advancement in Egypt and Babylonia." Old ethnologists were, no doubt, quite capable of seeing and allowing for obvious considerations, and were content to give the results of their observations. The new sociologist prefers to attempt to give himself an air of completeness and profundity by sparing himself the trouble of selection and arrangement.

NOVELS.*

A FOREIGNER anxious to make acquaintance with English fiction of the present day would not be favourably impressed by any of the works at present under notice. He would infer, and very justly, that the public which could welcome books such as these must be very easily satisfied, and, for the most part, not nice in the matter of either wit or taste; likewise that originality was not the distinguishing feature of modern novelists. Several of the tales appear to be first, and we sincerely hope will be last, attempts; others, again, are mere imitations of well-known books; only one can lay claim to any merit of its own, and even this, we should not be astonished to hear, may have had a forerunner. Still, Mr. Emerson has contrived to give us a graphic picture in *A Son of the Fens* of the strange amphibious life of this corner of England. The characters are real, though they are of the earth earthy, and the narrator tells his story in natural and appropriate language, disclosing as he talks all manner of curious customs that prevail in that part of the world. It is interesting to learn from the artless babblings of Master Windmill that sailors in the Fens are not given to indulge in washing during their coasting voyages, which last, roughly speaking, for a period of about eight weeks; that no smart youth, even of the tender age of thirteen, would ever dream of coming ashore without at once "stringing up with a gel"—i.e. keeping company with her; that beer forms the staple subject of refreshment and conversation in Fenny circles; and that the share for fish on a voyage averages 1*l.* a week per man, while a boy of fourteen gains hardly less. It seems to be a habit in the Fens to garden on Good Friday, and to use the metaphor that something is "all brandy," meaning apparently that it is "all square." Five-o'clock tea is called "fourses," and the thirsty souls of East Anglia are capable of swallowing as much as eight quarts of beer at a sitting without being at all the worse. The book can hardly be described as a story; it is really a picture, and as such is interesting and valuable. But Mr. Emerson should be above such a stupid and amazing practice as supplying headings to his chapters from the body of his own work—in some instances, as in Chapter XXIX., repeating in the opening sentence the very remark that has been made just above. This is giving himself airs of the infallibility that hangs round a proverb, and the effect on the reader is slightly irritating.

The cover which incloses *Mrs. Smith's Craze* is dreadful even beyond the wont of railway novels. On a scarlet background

* *A Son of the Fens*. By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Mrs. Smith's Craze. By Henry Ross. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Come Live With Me and Be My Love. By Robert Buchanan. London: Heinemann. 1892.

Into the Unknown. By Lawrence Fletcher. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

True to the Prince. By Gertrude Bell. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

George Waring's Choice. By Frank Baron. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

Where the Sea Birds Cry. By Castle Hill. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

For Hal's Sake. By Amy Manifold. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Life Threads. By "K. E. V." London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Sir Vinegar's Venture. By John Tweeddale. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

two people, a man and a woman, are shown, the woman standing more than erect, in the act of firing off a pistol at the collar bone of her companion, who is falling over in an attitude which somehow contrives to be both limp and rigid. The lady's hair and dress, and the gentleman's coat, are of the same shade of canary colour, which, as we are all aware, is the usual colour for men's costume in this country, combined in this instance with purple trousers and a scarlet collar. These figures are Mrs. Smith and her admirer Lord Darring, a seductive person with "a world-wide reputation for practical jokes," who consents, for a bet, to force his way into his hostess's bedroom, and steal the jewels which are her "craze." He does so, apparently in the garb above described, and gets shot for his pains, but marries the lady in the long run. The whole thing is vulgar and far from amusing, and though the other stories are quieter in tone, they likewise are stupid and heavy.

In *Come Live With Me and Be My Love*, Mr. Buchanan has paid two tributes of admiration to Mr. Hardy, first by dedicating his book to him, and secondly by imitating him. He would have done better if he had stuck to his own style, for he has not Mr. Hardy's gift for describing country life, and the story is flat and tame. Some quality is wanting to make the reader share the joys and sorrows of Catherine and Bridget Thorpe, and the action of the Gaffer in poisoning the girl whom he does not wish his son to marry lacks reality. The same situation is treated by Henry Murger in *Le sabot rouge*, but with the "electric spark" added, which makes all the difference.

Mr. Lawrence Fletcher is not the only person who appears to think that a mere collection of hair-breadth escapes and marvellous deeds of blood, with South Africa for the scene of action, will of themselves constitute a thrilling novel. His demands on our credulity and patience in *Into the Unknown* exceed those of any other writer; in fact, he seems to be trying how much his readers can stand. What is the use of transplanting a whole colony of Mormons into a wild part of South Africa, which is only accessible by diving into a pool, and going many miles through a natural tunnel under the mountains? There is no end to the wonders of nature which are introduced; explosions produced by gas, petroleum wells, mountain staircases, underground rivers—the agony is piled on till we gasp for breath! But the heroes are cast in such a Titanic mould that they are more than fitted to cope with all these marvels. Two young Englishmen and two Zulus, together with another Englishman whom they have rescued, his daughter, and her friend, contrive to hold the entire Mormon nation at bay, to foil every possible device for their capture and to kill most of the enemy, escaping in the end with the loss of one Zulu, one Englishman, and one girl, and with enormous fortunes in their pockets, taken out of the river beds. Is Mr. Fletcher unconscious, one wonders, that he is imitating Mr. Haggard in the closest conceivable way (even to the cover of the book), only that in Mr. Fletcher's case there has been omitted the important factor of a gift for story telling, and a power of casting glamour over the minds of his readers?

Miss Bell has confessedly drawn her tale of *True to the Prince* from the pages of Motley, or at least she has used his history as the background for her romance. She can relate well and clearly, and many girls and boys who turn with disgust from the closely printed pages of *The Dutch Republic* will pick up several stray crumbs of the contemporary history from *True to the Prince*. If Miss Bell cannot be said to have written a very remarkable or original book, she has, at any rate, the merit of being quite unpretentious, and of having digested her materials so thoroughly that she carries her readers along easily and pleasantly.

George Waring's Choice abounds in disquisitions of all sorts, many of them delivered by the hero, George Waring, a young barrister, to other young barristers who were dining with him, and who must have been a great deal more tolerant than most of their kind to have put up with him so good-naturedly. Not but what they are every bit as bad when their turn comes, and discourse as lengthily upon music, and their very tame and uneventful travels, as he does about reading and Christianity. There is often a certain amount of cleverness in the talk, as in the case of the lady who inquires whether the book Waring has recommended to her is "one she can read to the children," but it is altogether too serious and too preachy. As to Waring himself, it is impossible to share the author's predilection for him. He is (as described) a fickle and sensual man, and surely the circumstances under which Mary Lyne first made his acquaintance, when she went to summon him to the dying bed of a little actress, with whom he had once lived, would have precluded her perpetually reiterating both to herself and to him that "he was so good." The episode of his violent love affair with Mme. de Casalis is commonplace and unpleasant, and the dénouement of the book unnecessarily melodramatic. Yet Mr. Baron gives us

here and there glimpses of a power to do something better, and we sincerely hope he will.

Where the Sea Birds Cry is an innocent little story, more suggestive of *The Swiss Family Robinson* or *The Castaways* than any of their modern successors. It positively teems with coincidences, and the way that all the characters have of coming from a remote island in the north of Ireland is nothing short of miraculous. It does not matter whether the hero George, who "belongs to England's Royal Navy," meets with a wounded sailor in a desert island of the South Seas, or whether one comes across a woman in a wild part of Central America, every one not only has been born on this island, where George himself was brought up, but goes back there. George's own career is more than eventful. He is stolen by gipsies at the age of five, stripped of his clothes, sewn up in a sack, laid on the seashore, rescued by smugglers, found some years after by his parents, who have accidentally come to the island; he is wrecked again, when a naval lieutenant, cast up on the island, where he soon discovers the wounded sailor, and meets a terrier, who brings him rabbits, and a parrot who guesses the terrier's name. He narrowly avoids (after some years) disappearing with his (South Sea) island in an earthquake; but luckily he and his companion are out sailing, and they pass successively through the hands of Spanish pirates and French gaoles, to find themselves at last at home again. In spite of all these trials, George never loses the command of fine language he had acquired as a boy. "We must all die," he remarks on one occasion to his friend, "but let us strive while spared to lead the life of the righteous." Another time he bids his companion "tell those base Spaniards who roam on the seas for pillage and rapine, that we will not join in their nefarious practices"; and later observes, "God rulest over all." One would like to know what precedent Castle Hill has for making a Spaniard sign his letters Pietro? Pedro is the Spanish, Pietro without an accent the Italian; but every one who refers to this gentleman adopts this curious rendering of his name.

For Hal's Sake is exactly one of those books which, though quite harmless in itself, it is sheer waste of time for children to read. It teaches them nothing in any direction, and is full of unreal sentiments and improbable characters, while it is not sufficiently imaginative to lift them into a world outside their own.

Life Threads (with an appalling frontispiece) is more ambitious, but has not a much greater place in literature. It is written pleasantly enough, but comes to so little after all; and though no one will be the worse for having read it, very few will be any the better.

Sir Vinegar's Venture is to the full as vulgar and silly as its name implies. The writer appears to fancy that the prefix "Sir" is attached straight to a man's surname, which surname his son bears, and his daughter does not. Also, that it is possible for a man to succeed to his father's title in his father's lifetime.

THE LAND SYSTEMS OF BRITISH INDIA.*

THIS work is the outturn of long official experience and of very considerable research. It is divided into three volumes and fills more than two thousand pages of print. It is illustrated by coloured maps, descriptive of the different systems of Land Revenue prevalent in India, and there is a table of contents, a glossary, and an index. Mr. Baden-Powell, previous to his retirement, filled with ability the office of a Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab, which differs from the High Courts of other provinces in that it is not established by Royal Charter; and the three volumes before us are an amplification of a shorter Manual of Land Tenures and Land Revenue which he wrote under the orders of Government some ten years ago. It is obviously impossible to do more in a moderate space than to give a general notice of its scope, and to direct attention to a few prominent points of a very complex, a thorny, and a controversial literature.

The main difficulties of the subject are fairly recognized by the author himself. He endeavours to clear them up or, at least, to simplify them for the district officers whose occasional duty is the assessment, and whose regular work is the punctual realization, of the Government Revenue. But he truly says that a comprehension of the broad features of Land Revenue Administration is necessary for all classes of officials; for the man employed on public works, in education, and in the post-office. He also writes *virginibus puerisque*—that is to say, for the B.A. of Indian

Universities, the non-official student, and the home reader; and even for Padgett, M.P. It would require a lively imagination to conceive this last type of individual sitting down to the patient study of these volumes and realizing the distinction between a *patidari tenure* and a *patni Taluk*, or a *Kunkut* and a *Karkun*.

The vital importance to a district officer of a sound knowledge of the land revenue of his district and province will be at once admitted by every competent witness on the subject. A vast proportion of the civil suits tried either by English or native judges arises out of quarrels regarding land. From the same prolific source proceed village fights, disputes about boundaries, questions of irrigation, fisheries, rights of pasturage, divisions of estates between contentious shareholders, and many other matters in which Hindus and Muhammadans take far more interest than they do in the oratory of the platform and the Congress. Suits for mere arrears of rent used to take up, in some provinces, nearly the whole time of a class of officers known as Deputy Collectors. A magistrate who has to try or to commit to the Sessions some dozen offenders who have speared opponents, looted bazaars, and set fire to granaries, generally begins his investigation by trying to ascertain what supposed rights in the soil and its produce were the subject of attack and defence. At various epochs down to the present time, when the administration of the legal machinery is being overhauled, attempts have been made to separate the functions of the magistrate and Revenue officer. In practice it has invariably been found that the two departments are closely connected. Revenue and rent, if expelled with a pitchfork from the domain of the Civil judge, insist on finding their way back into Court. Some of the best judges in the High Courts of the various Presidencies have been distinguished fully as much for their mastery over the principles and details of revenue and rent as for their grasp of legal principles and their interpretation of native testimony. The famous Settlement of the North-West Provinces, carried out in all its complex details by the late Mr. Thomason, really originated with a gentleman whose whole experience had been acquired in the Civil Courts. Mr. Baden-Powell himself, when on the bench at Lahore, must over and over again have had to rely on his familiarity with the village community and all its curious mosaic. Practically, whatever divisions of the official hierarchy may be adopted by Governors or Secretaries of State, under the idea that they are furthering progress or satisfying English philanthropy and native wants, a grasp of agricultural details, a knowledge of the precise mode in which revenue is assessed and rents are collected and enhanced, will be just as much needed by the Judges of first instance and of appeal as they are by the Collector and the Commissioner of Division. The aspirations of the villager and the agriculturist are bounded by his homestead and his field; and they are better interpreted by the Englishman who has spent four months of every year under canvas than by half-educated newspaper writers and students of our colleges at the Presidencies, for whom evidently the author has no liking.

We incline to think that the division of the subject by Mr. Baden-Powell is susceptible of improvement. It is neither geographical nor chronological. There is doubtless a kind of sequence in his description of the three or four main systems which our Government has created or stereotyped—namely, (1) the landlord or Zamindar; (2) the village community; (3) the Ryotwari system; this last chiefly in Madras and Bombay. But some of the ground is gone over twice. What are called Non-regulation districts, that have not got much beyond the patriarchal age, are curiously brought in. Assam comes very oddly between Berar in Central India and Coorg in the South; and, in a laudable anxiety to make a difficult subject clear and attractive, nearly every page is broken up by new headings. The reader has hardly mastered a paragraph about "the existence of property in India" before italics tell him to note the "absence of any standard idea of property." The "operations of settlement" break the narrative at the top of one page, and are themselves shunted for the "demarcation" before you turn over the leaf. This minute subdivision of the actual letterpress extends over the two thousand pages. Now, when you travel along a fine road in an interesting country, you do not want to be reminded at every turn that you have come just so many more yards or feet on your journey. All you look for is the regular milestone. An historical account of our successive conquests, cessions, and annexations, and of the various processes by which the revenue, the Land-tax, or the share of the government—Hindu, Muhammadan, and Christian—has been fixed or altered—call it by what title you will—is all very well. But we should have liked a more compact and distinct narrative of each province and its outlying tracts; while the constant interruptions occurring, as we have said, in every page are more calculated to perplex than to help the inexperienced public servant. Nor are we always satisfied with the language in which Mr. Baden-Powell

* *The Land Systems of British India; being a Manual of the Land Tenures and of the Systems of Land Revenue Administration prevalent in the several Provinces.* By B. H. Baden-Powell, C.I.E., F.R.S.E., M.B.A.S., late of the Bengal Civil Service and one of the Judges of the Chief Court of the Punjab. With Maps. 3 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1882.

quotes or dismisses several by no means obscure predecessors in the same field. Such men as Sir Charles Metcalfe and Sir George Campbell and others are not always spoken of as they deserve. Lawrence and Montgomery, authorities of the highest class on Revenue, are not, as far as we can discover, once mentioned; while there is a liberal spargification of melted butter over divers of the author's contemporaries, who have written admirable and exhaustive Reports on the Settlements of their districts. Many errors have been traced and expunged by the labours of successive Settlement officers, and no one would deprive the new race of Civilians of their share of praise. But Mr. Baden-Powell should remember Macaulay's warning against minimizing the discoveries of Columbus because you can now accomplish in six days what it took that navigator six weeks to do. Sir John Kaye's *Administration of the East India Company* is hardly a standard authority on the internal government of India, and we attach more value to the celebrated Fifth Report of the House of Commons than the author seems inclined to allow. It is neither confused nor unintelligible to those who can separate grain from chaff.

Yet there is very much in these bulky volumes which is likely, for some good time to come, to be a text-book on the subject. Mr. Baden-Powell writes intelligently on the various stages of property in land, on the origin of villages, on the predominance of Rajas and chiefs, and on allotments to their dependents and followers. He shows how the custom of assigning *jagirs* and rent-free holdings to individuals who had rendered signal service to the State arose, and was handed on from one conqueror to another. It was an easy way of rewarding merit, but it has been the source of much worry and heartburning in our own times. Nothing was more common for a ruler than to hand over the right to revenue from a certain tract, to priest, pundit, maulavi, or military adherent. And there was always a struggle on the part of the grantee for life to establish that perpetuity which the English law is said to abhor. Good, too, is the explanation of the various forms which the joint village community has assumed. Very often it is *pattidari*, and here the shares are "mainly those of the ancestral tree, and follow the law of inheritance." Next we have the *Bhaiachara* village, where land is held or allotted by the custom of the brotherhood, and not by descent. It would seem that, in this latter case, men of the higher castes formed themselves into close communities, and divided the lands among themselves equally, taking care that the payment of revenue by each shareholder should correspond with the productive power of his particular holding. Eventually the *Bhaiachara* was extended and applied loosely to any village tenure in which the ancestral division of shares did not prevail. A third form is the Zamindari village, and here the author is careful to explain what we have noticed before in this journal—that the Zamindar in the North-West Provinces is comparatively a small personage, bearing no resemblance to the overgrown Zamindar of Bengal and Behar, and to the fighting Talukdar of Oudh. Originally the village Zamindar in the Doab of Hindustan had got for himself a grant of the whole village. At his death it became the inheritance of the members of his family, of whom the most active and trusted became the manager, and he very often leased the land out to tenants. And there is thus a clear distinction between villages owned by one Zamindar and others where he is succeeded by shareholders in joint possession.

Mr. Baden-Powell is somewhat hypercritical when he finds fault with some older authorities for writing about the old "Law and Constitution of India." In a country repeatedly subject to invasions, conquests, internecine wars, tyranny, and disregard of rights and easements, there could, he seems to argue, have been neither law nor order generally acknowledged and revered. He admits, however, the prevalence and the potency of custom. All that the older writers really mean in talking of "Law and Constitution" is, that there was always under every dynasty, however autocratic, and in every State, however corrupt, some fairly recognized standard of rights and interests of the subject which the Raja or Nawab was, in theory, bound to observe. If he went beyond a certain line there was outcry, revolt, and intrigue, and he was smitten under the fifth rib by a nephew or a cousin. There were, no doubt, many things which a despot did, or attempted to do, at variance with the feelings of the community and with the recognized fitness of things. But there was still an hereditary principle of equity and moderation to which the artisan and the cultivator could appeal. Mr. Baden-Powell, a score of times, must have heard a knot of villagers claiming to be treated on some ancient principle, fixed in their traditions and memories long before any British Regulations or Acts came into play. This principle may, with perfect justice, be termed the "Law and Constitution" of India, though it may be widely

different from the sort of thing which would satisfy the Duke of Argyll or the late Sir Henry Maine.

A Civil servant, however long and large his experience, cannot possibly become competent to deal with all the multiplicity of questions, old and new, which arise in the attempt to reconcile loose Asiatic custom with English strictness and precision. And we could wish that Mr. Baden-Powell, who has done his best to master and treat methodically the systems of other provinces besides the Punjab, had refrained from disposing of some very big questions in a rather offhand way. He is quite certain that, sooner or later, there must be a cadastral survey of Bengal and Behar. Now he must be fully aware that the proposal to survey a few districts in the latter province has given rise to a vast amount of irritation and discontent; and that very many experts, including the late Sir H. Ricketts and Mr. Ashley Eden, to say nothing of Sir F. Halliday and Sir J. P. Grant who are yet with us, have considered this very subject, and have concluded that such a minute record could only be accomplished by an expenditure of time and money utterly disproportionate to the object in view. Further, at p. 356, vol. i., he disposes of his own recommendation by showing that a new or revised settlement may, in thirty years, become quite useless and out of date. If this can be said of a part of India where there are always surveyors, Settlement officers, and village accountants at hand, what could we expect in Bengal, where there is no such official machinery, and where litigants about land have for a century been accustomed to resort to the civil Courts? When the last sheet of the Bengal Survey had been filled in, the first would, in all probability, be unintelligible and objectless. Similarly, a note about the cultivation of indigo, at p. 168, vol. i., shows a complete misapprehension of the mode in which that plant was cultivated under a contract in which the tenant-proprietor was hardly ever a free agent. These are blemishes in a laborious and praiseworthy attempt to present students and administrators with a connected view of the Indian land system; but we can bear testimony to the ability of the writer, to the pains and discrimination with which he has sifted an enormous mass of materials, to his curious revelations of village life, and to the force and justice of many of his views.

TWO MEDICAL BOOKS.*

IN its broadest sense the term "physiology" would signify a discourse on, or knowledge of, nature, and would consequently include the sciences of physics, geology, and chemistry. Its use has now, however, become almost entirely restricted to the denotation of that branch of natural knowledge which teaches us to understand the structure and functions of the different parts of living things whether animal or vegetable. Dr. Waller happily describes it as "the junction to which anatomy, chemistry, and physics converge, and from which the principles of medicine and surgery diverge." Before the diffusion of physiological knowledge among medical men no scientific principles upon which to found the treatment of disease, or direct the maintenance of health, could be founded. Nevertheless it is true that, while but little was known of the histology of our tissues, and consequently of the mode of action of remedies, men of shrewd common sense and acute powers of observation had experimentally discovered many means of opposing the inroads of disease; but the "why" and the "wherefore" being beyond their reach, prevented them from formulating sound general laws, and their position with the thinking portion of the public was not much better than that of the medicine-man with his charms and incantations. Even now ignorance of the rudiments of physiology is sufficiently prevalent among the laity to allow impudent quacks to make fortunes by trading on the credulity of those who do not know. We are in accord with the author in thinking that the medical student cannot obtain a satisfactory knowledge of this essential subject from books alone, and that a course of practical physiology is necessary for his proper education. Dr. Waller's plan of putting the chapter headings in such a form that they may also serve the purpose of a syllabus is a good one, as the reader is able to check his knowledge by going through them. This introduction to human physiology may be safely recommended to those about to enter upon the study of medicine or natural science.

In his excellent manual Mr. Treves has confined himself to the consideration of *operative surgery* to the exclusion of *general surgical principles and practice*. In view of the fact that, even

* *An Introduction to Human Physiology*. By Augustus D. Waller, M.D. London: Longmans & Co.

A Manual of Operative Surgery. By Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

then, his book consists of two volumes of nearly eight hundred pages each, we think such limitation indubitably expedient. The first seventy pages deal with certain preliminary matters which require attention in all cases where operative procedure is contemplated. Foremost in importance among these is the condition of the patient as it affects the result of an operation. The following are the chief constitutional states which are usually disastrous to success, and on the subjects of which it is, in the author's opinion, unjustifiable to perform any operation which is not so urgent as to be essential to the saving of life—namely, acute disease, diabetes, kidney disease, or chronic alcoholism. The preparation of the patient, the qualifications required in a good operator, the operating-room and table, the instruments, sponges, sutures, &c.; the making, closing, and after treatment of the wound, all receive notice in this portion of the work. Mr. Treves has not much faith in the utility of producing an antiseptic atmosphere about the wound by means of spray whilst operative measures are proceeding; but he would have the utmost vigilance exercised in being fully assured of the most scrupulous cleanliness and disinfection of hands, instruments, sponges, dressings; or, indeed, anything which may come in contact with the divided tissues. Following this enunciation of principles applicable to all surgical operations is a section on "The Administration of Anæsthetics," by Dr. F. W. Hewitt. The complete insensibility of his patient to pain is a matter of the greatest importance to the surgeon, as it prevents his being distressed by the sufferings of the former, and takes away the inducement to undue haste, in order to end them. It is appalling to think of the scenes which must have been witnessed in the operating theatre before the introduction of this class of remedies, and, no doubt, numberless removable ills were left untouched, causing life-long misery to their bearers, for fear of the horrors of an agonizing operation. The agents in common use for the production of insensibility, and the various modes of administering them, are described, together with their respective advantages and dangers. The class of patients for whom each of them is best adapted, provided that the nature of the operation does not contraindicate their use, is also ably pointed out. The remainder of the work, constituting the greater part of its bulk, is occupied by minute and detailed descriptions of the method of carrying out the large number of special operations which the modern surgeon may be called upon to perform. With reference to all these, the young operator will find trustworthy guidance in Mr. Treves's book, the instructions being made clearer by plentiful and well-executed illustrative plates.

A MANUAL OF MUSICAL HISTORY.*

THE best things in this book are the illustrations, which are numerous, and the bibliography, which is sufficient and conveniently appended to each chapter. In no other respect can it be called satisfactory. A subject so large as the history of music can only be compressed into a manual in one of two ways. The writer may devote himself either to the composers or to the art; he may be either biographical or critical; space does not allow him to be both, except in a very sketchy and imperfect manner. Now Mr. Matthew has mixed up the two very awkwardly; the plan of his work is critical, but the execution is biographical—a fundamental and damnable error. It lands him in this sort of quagmire. He essays a chapter on "Music in Germany," wherein he ought to give an account of the development of the art in that country, and does attempt to give it in a kind of way: but his biographical method leads him, having once got on the long Bach line, to follow it down to 1846, when J. S. Bach's great-great-grandson died, and then he has to hark all the way back to Handel. Whereupon, having started gaily on an anecdotal biography of "the great Saxon," he breaks it off abruptly, to be resumed in our next but one, when we come to "The Rise of Opera and Oratorio in England." It is the same with Gluck in Germany—otherwise, Vienna—and Gluck in Paris. In this way the critical plan destroys the biographer as effectually as the biographical execution blots out the critic.

Nevertheless, the reader without knowledge might peradventure pick some up from a history even thus faultily contrived; but we cannot honestly recommend him to this one. There are other defects. If a man, compiling such a manual, elects to recite facts, they should be full and accurate; and if, on the other hand, he aims at unfolding the story of music in the light of its organic development, then he must have a thorough mastery of the subject, must possess insight, sound judgment, the faculty of discriminating and condensing. We are sorry to say that Mr. Matthew fails on all points. In his facts he is guilty of many

sins of commission and omission. For instance, he calls both Liszt and Dvořák Germans, pronounces *Esther* Handel's first oratorio, states that *Die Feen* has never been performed, speaks (not once only) of *Der Meistersinger*, informs the reader that Purcell wrote only one opera, and in his account of Berlioz omits to mention the *Requiem*. These are positive blunders, and there are many other statements hardly less misleading. Purcell (who died in 1695) was "the greatest of our modern composers." Presumably our not modern composers must have flourished under good Queen Boadicea or thereabouts. "The settlement of the form of the sonata may be attributed to C. P. E. Bach and to Schubert." The question is, perhaps, matter of opinion; but what an amazing combination! Whatever C. P. E. Bach had to do with settling the form of the sonata (and most people think he had very little), where, in the name of reason, does Schubert come in? It would be much truer to say that he unsettled it. Again, we have "the gift of perfect vocalization," and the statement that "Italy has quite ceased in our own day to produce fine voices." Italy swarms with fine voices and with bad singers, for the very reason that vocalization is not a "gift." We have not sought for mistakes; the above and many more strike the reader at once. They form part of a general carelessness which otherwise reveals itself in various misspellings and misprints. The composer of the *Macbeth* music is sometimes Locke and sometimes Lock. Gluck's rival is now Piccinni and now Piccini, and so on. The final sentence of the book is worth quoting in full:—"As long as music is represented by such writers as Brahms, Dvořák, Max Bruch in Germany; Gounod, Amboise Thomas and Saint Saens in France; Verdi and Boito in Italy; Rubinstein in Russia; Grieg in Norway; Sullivan, Stanford, Herbert Parry, Mackenzie, and Goring Thomas in England—to mention those only who at once occur to the mind, we may look forward with a bright anticipation of future delight and satisfaction." The silliness of this is surpassed by its carelessness. The sentence contains five typographical errors and one downright blunder.

The only thing which could compensate in any degree for such slovenliness in detail would be a luminous exposition of the general principles of music. Nothing of the kind is attempted after the first two chapters, one of which describes the rise of musical notation, with the help of some interesting illustrations; while the other deals with early musical instruments, and is also well illustrated. There is nothing about the laws of composition or the development of orchestration, very little about form, and not much more about the origin of the great divisions of music. In the rise of opera, for instance, Mr. Matthew entirely fails to point out the real significance of the new *musica parlante* as opposed to the old polyphonic system that preceded it. In dealing with individual composers and compositions we have such appraisements as "how delightful is this," "who can forget the charming that," and the like flutilities. The Wagnerian *leit motiv* is quite misunderstood. Berlioz's *Faust* is "a sort of cantata, in which he indulges in his peculiar style to the full extent," and so on. But enough.

We have paid Mr. Matthew the compliment of dealing severely with his manual, because it is meant to be popular, and is therefore addressed to uncritical readers, who might be misled by it, and also because it contains a good deal of honest matter. Nothing can make it a really good book; but careful revision might turn it into a fairly useful one.

"THE GRASSHOPPER."*

LONDON must have been very picturesque, if not very convenient, when every house had its sign, and still more so at that distant period of which Chaucer testified in his evidence in St. Margaret's Church as to the "bend or" arms. He said he had been "une foitz en Friday strete en Loundres," and had seen the "bend, or" on a new sign in front of a house, and had concluded that it belonged to "mons. Richard Lescrop," but found that it belonged to a Cheshire knight, "appelle mons. Robert Grosvenor." While Parliament sat some old London streets must have been quite gay. Every house in Lombard Street in and since Elizabeth's reign had its sign, as Mr. Price has fully set forth in his sumptuous book on the subject. In the frontispiece of Mr. Martin's volume we are shown the Grasshopper between the Unicorn and the Plough, three as plain and unpicturesque houses as it is possible to imagine. However, plain as they are, we should not like to see them rebuilt, as some Lombard Street banks have lately been rebuilt. Better by far the drab brick of the Unicorn, the Grasshopper, and the Plough, than the tasteless magnificence of some of the opposite buildings, gorgeous

* *A Manual of Musical History*. By James E. Matthew. London: Grevel & Co. 1892.

* *"The Grasshopper" in Lombard Street*. By John Biddulph Martin. London: the Leadenhall Press. 1892.

with ornament; expensive, not to say extravagant, in costly material, and hideous to look at. There are some interesting traditions about the Grasshopper, and Mr. Martin does well to preserve them. Here, according to tradition, business was carried on by Matthew Shore, the husband of the lovely but erring Jane:—

Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of gold,

as she is made to say in the old ballad quoted by Mr. Martin. Here, too,

She penance did in Lombard Street,
In shameful manner in a sheet.

Mr. Martin shows that Jane did not die till 1527, so that she survived her Royal lover some forty-four years. The tale of Shoreditch is wholly unfounded. We have no information as to the Grasshopper sign before the time of Sir Thomas Gresham, who bestowed on the house the crest of his own ancient family. Here, again, Mr. Martin has a legend to encounter and refute. Gresham, it was said, was a cast-away infant, exposed in a field and discovered by a casual passer-by, whose attention was called to it by the loud chirping of a grasshopper. To support this pretty story we are told that in German *grassheim* is a grasshopper, which may or may not be true; but the word does not occur in ordinary dictionaries. The field is still pointed out at Limpsfield, in Surrey, just as at Haddon Hall they show you the door and the garden-steps by which Dorothy Vernon eloped with young Manners, forgetful of the fact that it was Dorothy herself who, with her husband, built that door and those steps after many years of connubial bliss. The Greshams were seated at Gresham, in Norfolk, for several generations before they came to London, and before the birth of the future Sir Thomas.

His father and his uncle were, in their turn, both Lord Mayors; but he, like another great City benefactor, many of whose relatives were Aldermen, Sir Hugh Myddelton, never aspired, so far as is known, to civic office. The Greshams were connected with trade in the Low Countries, and knew the advantage to merchants of an exchange like that of Antwerp or of Bruges. The elder Gresham, indeed, had a design to build one, but was prevented, and the scheme was eventually carried out by his son.

Sir Thomas was born, Mr. Martin believes, about 1519, and "was therefore about eighteen years of age when his father attained to the dignity of the mayoralty." About this time he went to Gonville and Caius, at Cambridge. Here he and John Caius contracted an enduring friendship. It is a curious fact that the authorities of the college have, from a remote period, banked at the Grasshopper, and do so still. The connexion of Caius and Gresham has an interest of its own in architectural history. Caius College contains some of the earliest examples of what is known, for want of a better name, as the Palladian style; and it is very probable that the designs for the College and for Gresham's Exchange came from the same hand. Gresham was nominally a mercer; but his genius was wholly for finance, and though, under Mary, the domain of finance was not "able to keep itself altogether aloof from that of religion," he contrived to hold on till the accession of Elizabeth, who at once received him into favour, and employed him constantly. Cecil seems to have taken him into his confidence. The Queen herself opened the Exchange and Gresham entertained her in great state, both then and also at his country houses at Mayfield and Osterley. An account of the abolition of the Steelyard and the privileges of the merchants of the "Haunce of Almains" might be expected in Mr. Martin's book, but, though Gresham was chiefly concerned, as the Queen's adviser in the decision, there is no special mention of the subject. Mr. Martin stumbles over Gresham's arms. He gives a cut at p. 19, in which they are wrongly represented, and below is an heraldic description, also wrong in another particular. At p. 47 we have a cut of Sir Richard Martin's arms in which no tinctures are given. Authors who dabble in family history ought to have their heraldry looked to by a competent authority. The book, however, contains many matters of much greater importance, and the true history of an ancient banking house is full of points which throw light into obscure corners of the national history. For example, we may mention an illustration of the influence of the City on the abdication of James II. Charles Duncombe, of the Grasshopper, was Receiver of Customs when James fled. He had applied to Duncombe for 1,500*l.*, which was refused, and Duncombe was specially excepted from the amnesty which the exiled king subsequently issued. Mr. Martin's English fails him in narrating the details of this occurrence, and by the pernicious use of "former" and "latter" he has so mixed up Duncombe and Child that we do not know which is which. But it would appear that one of these bankers sent the king his money, and that the other told him to come and fetch it.

A HISTORY OF ST. IVES, ETC.*

THIS is a formidable volume—it weighs 4 lbs.—and is an example of what the sentiment of patriotism will do, as it has so often done in other ways, the shedding of blood amongst the rest, by arousing the devotion and energies of poor human mortals.

Mr. Matthews, in this great work, tells us that "Cornwall was the first depôt of intercourse with the Eastern World, and the earliest centre of civilization in this island" (p. 15). When the mind of man is engaged on the study of the universe, or in the study of small particles in a microscope, it is apt to lose the sense of proportion. The scientific faculty reduces both the general and the particular to the service of science; but there are those who indulge in wide views, and others who dote on minute details, innocent of any ulterior design. In the case of four small parishes, and a small though very interesting fishing town in Cornwall, is here given a quantity of detail that can hardly be surpassed. There are the names of every place that has a name, and what place, however small, has not a name for native use? There are the Subsidy Rolls, the Valor Ecclesiasticus—"Yvo Gilbert 8*d*" is an example; there are Borough Accounts from 1570 to 1776—"spent about filloyd's Sister 1*l* 6*d*," and "P*d* for a cart for whipping Lanyon an Imposter 3*d*," are examples; there are local families—Stephens and Stevens are very numerous; there is James II.'s Charter in full; there are old houses in St. Ives district described—interesting enough; there are the names of all the streets, courts, and alleys in St. Ives—very good for a guide-book; there are copies in full from the registers of all four parishes of births, deaths, and marriages, of the monuments in the churches and the inscriptions on the tombstones. "In Memory of James Bray, died 1802, aged 1 year," is an example. Poor little James Bray has attained an earthly immortality in this book anyway, for immortal it must be, at St. Ives. And there is a Trial for Tithes in full, at which "Elizabeth, wife of Richard Pearce, aged 33 years, deposed to nothing of particular interest."

The pilchard fishery, for which St. Ives is really famous, is well described by Mr. Anthony of St. Ives in three pages of a modest chapter—xxiv.—of six pages. As many as 100,000 hogsheads of pilchards have been seen in St. Ives bay, 20,000 hogsheads of which have been enclosed in seines in a few hours. A poor man could net 3 to 4,000 hogsheads, worth 2*l*. to 5*l*. a hogshead cured. The number of fish reckoned to a hogshead is not given, but as they are pressed and the heads taken off in the process of curing it must be a great number. The customs of this particular fishery are curious and interesting, among which are the signals of the Huers (doubtless from Hue and Cry), at the top of a hill overlooking the sea, crying out and waving *bushes*—white bags drawn over hoops—to tell the men in the boats the exact spot to cast the nets for enclosing a shoal, locally called a school, of fish. The cry of fish in the bay is *havañ*.

There is no lack of such useful additions to a book as a full table of contents, indexes, of which there are three—I. Nomina Personum, II. Nomina Locorum, III. General—and illustrations, many of which are very good.

It can confidently be said that no St. Ives man, or woman either, ought to be without this book. Therein he will find the births, marriages, and deaths of his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, and everybody else, and, should they be honoured with tombstones at last, he will have a guide to them also. It is a work of industrious detail, and if it has a scientific value as such, so much the better.

On a sun-dial in Towednack church is an inscription partially legible, in which appears

"Sic transit Gloria Mundi."

Whether this be Cornish scripture or not we have only the following authority for saying:—A Cornish father ordered a tombstone for his dead son, and told the tombstone-man to "put a bit of scripture upon un." On looking at it, when finished, he solemnly remarked "But a was translated to Glory on a Toosday." Such is the simplicity with which Latin can be translated into English and the Scriptures be quoted for a purpose.

A RARE CAXTON.†

IT is very pleasant to be able to praise publishers and editors alike, and to thank them for the issue of what is a gain to history as well as to bibliography. This is a facsimile reprint of

* *A History of the Parishes of St. Ives, Lelant, Towednack, and Zennor, in the County of Cornwall.* By John Hobson Matthews. London: Elliot Stock.

† *Ser Quam Elegantissime Epistola.* London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1892.

a rare tract printed originally by Caxton, of which, we presume, only one copy is known to exist; but here we are left in some doubt, and the fact is only stated by the use of the word "unique." The introduction is written by Dr. Bullen, C.B., formerly of the British Museum, and tells us that the tract, which consists only of twenty-four leaves, was found bound up in a volume of seventeenth-century theology, in a library at Halberstadt. This discovery was made in 1874, and "cautious overtures were made for its sale at what was thought to be an extravagant price"; but the purchase was declined by the British Museum. However, it was lately offered again on more reasonable terms to Dr. Garnett, the present Keeper of the Printed Books, and it has accordingly been acquired for the national library.

The facsimile has been made by Mr. James Hyatt, and Dr. Bullen adds a translation. Why Caxton should have printed these "most elegant" letters is a question, but they appear to have been put into his hands by a certain Peter Carmelianus, who came into England in the reign of Edward IV., and remained here till his death in the reign of Henry VIII. He held many ecclesiastical preferments, and was Latin Secretary to Henry VII. He is supposed to have written the introduction, and was probably interested in the subject, which is that of a war between Sixtus IV. and the Duke of Ferrara. The letters are in poor Latin, but relate to an obscure period, and throw much light on the unscrupulous methods pursued by the Popes in piecing together what they subsequently termed the Patrimony of St. Peter. Malatesta commanded the forces of Sixtus, together with those of his allies, the Venetians, and gained a substantial victory in 1482, when the Pope alone concluded a treaty with the duke, leaving the Venetians out in the cold. They naturally remonstrated, and were in due time excommunicated by their late ally. The history of this complicated transaction is detailed in the letters, which Dr. Bullen has turned into vigorous and idiomatic English. It is seldom, indeed, that a document is important bibliographically and also historically, and Dr. Bullen's little volume, of which only a limited number of copies is printed, will, no doubt, be warmly welcomed on both accounts.

THE ART AND SCIENCE OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.*

THE editor of the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes" has done well in recognizing mountaineering among them and in committing the subject to Mr. Clinton Dent. For not only is he a climber of exceptional experience, but also he writes in an attractive style, seasoning his pages with a spice of dry and sometimes caustic humour, which often crops up when least expected. He has undertaken the greater part of the volume—all that concerns snow-craft and rock-craft, the difficulties and dangers of climbing—in short, the whole art and science of mountaineering, while the chapters devoted to more special branches of the subject are committed to other contributors, except that Mr. Dent writes on Photography and on Mountaineering and Health, where he can speak with authority on both aspects of the question.

The contents of the book are so multifarious that it is no easy task to give a good idea of its details or to present them in a summarized form. Mountaineering, like all sports, can only be learnt by experience: it must be taught by demonstrations, not by lectures. Those who desire to excel must be content to serve an apprenticeship, and the book before us loses no opportunity of enforcing this commonplace but too often forgotten lesson. A man may be born a poet, he must be made a mountaineer. He may be blessed with strong limbs and good lungs, he may be even a skilled athlete or gymnast—so much the better if he be—but if he despises experience, and enters himself at once for really difficult expeditions, he may bring disaster on himself and on others. A mountain often is like the Sphinx, and does not give the blunderer a second chance. The writers in this book—and it is a most valuable feature—do not make light of the dangers which are possible in Alpine climbing. They constantly inculcate caution, and in the words of the introduction:—"To narrow to the utmost the area of unavoidable danger, to press the necessary care, to show how the necessary knowledge can be gained, and to make it easier of acquisition, has been one aim of this compilation." This caution has become of late years more than ever necessary—for since few peaks in the Alps now remain unclimbed, the junior aspirants after Alpine distinction have sought it by devising new and obviously wrong ways to goals already reached, and in so doing have sometimes exhibited more daring than discretion. Moreover, since mountain climbing not only has survived the scorn with

which it was at first regarded—especially by those who combined "width" with (supposed) wisdom—but also has become fashionable, many a tourist who cannot even claim to be a gymnast seeks to rise at once to Alpine eminence by climbing one or two of the most notoriously difficult peaks. Generally his guides succeed in dragging him up and getting him down somehow in safety, but occasionally the party does not return. If the list of avoidable Alpine disasters continues to increase—as it probably will—this will not be the fault of the authors of this volume. They describe fully the dangers which snow, ice, rock may present, and indicate the precautions to be taken. Mr. Dent thinks that, in the matter of falling stones, absence of body is even better than presence of mind, and makes light of the advice to parry them "with the axe, using it as a cricket-bat or a quarter-staff. . . . When the stones have come from a great height the plan would be about as useful as putting up an umbrella while crossing an artillery range when practice was going on." Full recognition is given to another danger—sometimes overlooked—slippery grass slopes. These are often most treacherous, and prove, when terminated by a precipice, to be a very death-trap.

The chapters devoted to snow-craft and to rock-climbing are excellent. Mr. Dent is of opinion—and we think he is right—that in the former the mental qualities, in the latter the physical, are chiefly tested; or, in other words, that a novice, already practised in gymnastic exercises, might do well on a rocky peak, but would be quite at sea on a difficult "snow-mountain," and almost helpless among the intricacies of a crevassed glacier. The right and wrong methods of using the rope on glaciers and on crags are fully described. Mr. Dent duly censures the too frequent neglect of this precaution on snowfields apparently free from crevasses, and is of opinion, we are glad to see, that it ought also to be employed on rocks which present any real difficulties—a point on which mountaineers are not all in accord. No doubt the rope somewhat impedes progress, and is occasionally a nuisance by catching on stones and projections of rock; but it prevents a slight slip—such as may be made by the most careful climber—from entailing serious consequences. On this matter Mr. Dent's remark is well worth quoting:—"In the writer's opinion the rule is absolute that it [the rope] must be used. A place that is too bad to be traversed by a roped party, lest the slip of one should drag down all, is a place that should not be traversed at all."

Some useful advice is given as to the best equipment for mountain expeditions, especially in unexplored districts. On this subject Mr. Dent's experience in the Caucasus, as well as in the Alps, enables him to speak with authority. Tents, sleeping-bags, cooking apparatus, ropes, ice-axes, boots, costume, knapsacks (Mr. Dent gives preference to the *ricksack* commonly used by the Tyrolese), and other necessities are all discussed. Nothing seems forgotten, even matches and boot-nails receive due notice; and several valuable hints are given in regard to treatment of snow-blindness, of over-fatigue, or of other mishaps which may befall the traveller.

In regard to food and drink Mr. Dent's maxim is simple, and does not err on the side of severity. "The matter of diet may be almost summed up in the advice to get the very best you can, and to take as much of it as you feel inclined; and this applies to actual climbing as well as to life in valleys." Assuming that the traveller knows the idiosyncrasies of his own digestive organs, and shows them proper respect, we are convinced, after considerable personal experience, that no sounder advice could be given. But disastrous effects on the mountain climb have been known to follow not only from a too free use of alcoholic stimulants (an error more frequent with guides than with travellers, though not common with either), nor even from such apparently harmless indulgences as the various products of the cheese-pot.

Among the chapters written by Alpine "specialists," as they may be termed, Sir F. Pollock contributes one on the early history of mountaineering. This not only brings together much curious lore concerning Alpine travel in ancient times, but also conveys it in a very pleasant and attractive form. One extract—from the "Diary of a Traveller," published less than seventy years ago—is worth quoting, for it has a sweet savour of the "Person of Quality," who formerly was wont to condescend to literary efforts:—

"These pedestrian excursions are by no means uncommon in Switzerland, and it is extraordinary, that they appear sometimes to be undertaken by persons to whom economy need not be an object. . . . It is a system of peregrination that must be pursued with a relinquishment of the most essential comforts of life. . . . At hotels, too, the walking itinerant will meet with second-rate attention. The meanness of his style will prevent him from being regarded as a person of condition."

* *Mountaineering*. By C. T. Dent, with contributions by W. M. Conway, D. W. Freshfield, C. E. Mathews, C. Pilkington, Sir F. Pollock, H. G. Willink, and an Introduction by Mr. Justice Wille. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

Mr. C. E. Mathews is the author of a chapter entitled "The Recollections of a Mountaineer," which is a gracefully written "In Memoriam" of some of the more noted climbers and guides, not a few of whom have passed away when scarcely beyond the prime of life. We note a curious slip of the pen—J. D. Forbes was never Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Mr. W. M. Conway writes on Maps and Guide-books, Mr. D. W. Freshfield on Mountaineering beyond the Alps, touching briefly on the "fresh woods and pastures new" which still await the climber now that the Alps are almost "played out." Mr. C. Pilkington discourses on Hill Climbing in the British Isles, showing that aspirants may obtain preliminary training and mountaineers keep themselves in practice within the limits of the United Kingdom; and in another chapter he treats of climbing without guides, on which subject no one is more competent to speak. As to this pastime, abstinence is usually better than practice, though the general prohibition admits of special exceptions. Mr. Willink writes on Alpine sketching, and has contributed almost all the numerous drawings, which add to the charm of the book. A few are portraits; many of them illustrate the positions and incidents described in the text, others show special types of scenery in peak and glacier, others, again, exhibit the humorous side of Alpine travel. To the last, mottoes in harmony with the subject are generally attached. In the Alps puns, like the fruit of the vine, get worse as you rise higher. Some of these must have been invented on the summit of Mont Blanc.

But enough. To would-be climbers this volume is full of valuable hints; in those who have climbed it will awaken many happy memories. Both alike, aspirants after Alpine fame, and veterans whose joints are beginning to stiffen, will be grateful to Mr. Dent and his fellow-helps for these pleasant pages.

NEW WINCHELSEA.*

WINCHELSEA—"the new town of Winchelsea," as it was called, to distinguish it from the older town that was swept away by the sea in 1287—had a short period of greatness. For a little more than a hundred years after it was built by Edward I. it took an important part in our foreign wars, furnishing our kings with some of their best seamen, and sending out ships to meet the enemy in the Channel, until evil days came and the French took such heavy vengeance on the town that it never recovered its former strength and prosperity. Less than a century later the sea, that had overwhelmed the old town, completed the humiliation of New Winchelsea by its retreat. Yet even in its present lowly condition the little town is, as the book before us bears witness, precious to those who have eyes to see the beauty of "ivied towers and ruined abbey"—we must observe, by the way, that there was no abbey at Winchelsea, the two convents there were friaries—or minds capable of enjoying the story of its glorious past. Mr. Inderwick has written a pretty little book about the town. He records how it was built by Edward I. on a plan that marks its artificial origin, for the King laid it out in squares or blocks with the streets intersecting one another at right angles. He discourses pleasantly on a list of its earliest inhabitants and their holdings, which he gives in full in an appendix, and notices the chief events in the town's history. It is strange that he never once refers to Professor Burrows's excellent volume on the Cinque Ports ("Historic Towns"), and the extreme poverty of his remarks on the organization of the Ports leads us to doubt whether he can ever have seen it. Even without the help that he could have gained from Professor Burrows, he might at least have noted that Winchelsea was not one of the original Five Ports; it was admitted into the organization in the twelfth century, and was one of the two "ancient towns," Rye being the other. He has been unfortunate in choosing a subject that cannot well be handled rightly without a fair knowledge of the early and mediæval history of England.

Yet even so he might, we should have thought, have hesitated before he brought Elle (*sic*), King of Northumbria, down to Anderida in 490. The march would have been a long one, and, as a matter of fact, Kings of Northumbria were not yet. Nor is it easy to imagine why he should have considered the "vastata fuit" written against Igham, the manor on which the second Winchelsea was afterwards built, suggestive of "some long forgotten period anterior to the coming of the Conqueror," and so on. The coming of the Conqueror is quite enough to account for the entry, and many another place more or less in the neighbourhood of William's camp is described in the survey

as "waste." As a point is made of the refusal of a grant to Edward I. in 1289, the incident should have been recorded carefully; the refusal was the act of the Lords, who appointed the Earl of Gloucester as their spokesman. We do not understand how the Black Prince could have sailed from Winchelsea on "his Spanish expedition," seeing that he was, and had for three years previously been, residing in his principality of Aquitaine. Anxious for the honour of his town, Mr. Inderwick tries to make it out "a second Runnymede," and describes at some length how the "King and barons stood face to face in the great square of Winchelsea," the barons demanding the confirmation "of their great charter of freedom." We are sorry to spoil his picture, and have not space to enter into the details of the story further than to observe that what really happened was that the earls sent messengers to the King with a list of grievances, and that Edward received them at Udmore. His answer, we are told here, was "Send the deed after me, and I will sign it." Where did Mr. Inderwick find this? Edward's real answer is recorded by Rishanger and was decidedly vague. Mr. Inderwick's one authority for the period appears to be Thomas of Walsingham, who lived a century later, and he did not seem to be aware that "the Old Monk of St. Albans," as he calls Thomas, copied and compiled from others, and that the writers to be quoted for the reign of Edward I. are the contemporary chroniclers. Enough, however, has no doubt been said to convince our readers that, though Mr. Inderwick can write prettily about a mediæval town, he is not a safe guide as regards matters of mediæval history.

A NEW GEOLOGICAL MAP OF SCOTLAND.*

THIS map, on a scale of ten miles to an inch, is sufficiently large to indicate clearly the main geological features of Scotland, yet it folds up into a small book which can be easily carried in the pocket. The scale corresponds with that of the map published by the same authority in 1876, but the size of the sheet has been slightly reduced by removing the Orkney Islands to the side. The differences between the two maps are most important. For some years the Geological Survey has been employed in revising with the most scrupulous care the map of the Scotch Highlands, more especially in the north-western district. The present map embodies the results of these labours. On the former one, the colours suggested, and the legends asserted, the mistaken notion that much of the Northern and most of the Central Highlands consisted of rocks of Silurian age, subsequently altered into schists, &c. On the present map a marked difference of tint accentuates a distinction in the rock masses of the Highlands and of the Southern Uplands, and the colouring records, as it should do, petrological facts rather than geological surmises. Moreover, where the work of the surveyors is still incomplete and their conclusions are provisional, this is frankly indicated. Here we may notice another very great improvement in this map, which greatly increases its utility without seriously augmenting its bulk—namely, the addition of about twenty pages of "Explanatory Notes." In these Sir Archibald Geikie gives a clear and succinct account of the geology of Scotland, describing the leading characteristics of each of the chief formations. Perhaps it would have been better to have abstained from designating the "eastern schists" by the name "Dalradian," for the author admits that "not improbably" (we should have said "certainly") it comprises "more than one group of rocks," and in such case the use of an inclusive title is indefensible. Still, as the distinctions between certain members of the Dalradian are admitted in the text, little harm is likely to be done, and we venture to predict its early dissolution through a process of fission. Text and map alike show what an advance has been made by the Geological Survey in both field work and theoretical geology during the last sixteen years; and its Chief deserves, and will doubtless receive, the thanks of students for this most seasonable and useful publication.

ESSEX.†

MR. BARRETT does but begin a study of the topography of a most interesting county. For some reason, or combination of reasons, Essex was long out of favour. Its fine old houses went out of repair. Its parks were ploughed up. Its churches were silently ruined by local restorers. Its monuments were made gravel for vicarage walks. Its tablets fetched their value as old

* *Geological Map of Scotland.* By Sir Archibald Geikie, D.Sc., LL.D. F.R.S. John Bartholomew & Co., the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. 1892.

† *Essex: Highways, Byeways, and Waterways.* Written and illustrated by C. R. B. Barrett. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

* *The Story of King Edward and New Winchelsea; the Edification of a Mediæval Town.* By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., Author of "Sidelights on the Stuarts" &c. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited. 1892.

brass. Essex was under a cloud. But of late the good example set by Miss Fry at East Ham has been followed in other places. Volumes to the number of a dozen, perhaps, contain modern studies of local history, and, in short, Essex is looking up. Tourists and others are beginning to find out that the views from the Essex hills southward across the Thames are even finer than those northward from the opposite coast of Kent. In fact, Mr. Barrett by no means overstates the case when he calls it "a county rich in antiquarian interest, and not deficient in natural beauty." His studies are, however, partial and arbitrarily chosen. He takes his reader to Malden first. Then we have "a day on the Blackwater." He then harks back to Barking. Sible Hedingham and Castle Hedingham, Witham and Layer Marney, Felstead and Thaxted, with Great and Little Dunmow, next engage his attention. He has much to say of the long-forgotten Coggeshall, and lingers lovingly over Saffron Walden, though he neglects Audley End. His last chapter is devoted to the oldest place of all, Colchester. It will be seen that much of Essex is untouched. We cannot but regret that he has no summary of Essex history or general survey of the county, as his work must always have a fragmentary appearance even if he adds volume after volume to it until he has gone over everything. But, taken as it is, we have little fault to find either with the descriptions or the pictures, which last are from drawings made, in every case, on the spot.

Although it is so near London, there are few parts of England less known to Londoners. How many people have ever been at Rochford, a most interesting place, with the stronghold of Sweyn adjoining it? Who, except the late Mr. Freeman, ever penetrated to Ashingdon and Canewdon? Who, before Mr. Barrett, ever examined Eastbury, near Barking, though thousands of travellers have seen it annually when travelling between Fenchurch Street and Tilbury? Mr. Barrett describes a walk from Barking by Eastbury to Parsloes, another delightful old house, to Chadwell Heath, remarking by the way "the queer gateway of a house which is formed of the two huge jaw-bones of a whale." The story goes that the whale was washed ashore during the famous gale in the middle of which Oliver, the great Lord Protector, departed this stormy life. To give a fair idea of Mr. Barrett's work, we had better examine briefly one of his pleasant chapters, the only difficulty being which to choose. But, as many people have been to Colchester, some even to Maldon, a few to Sible Hedingham, but none, except Mr. Barrett, to Coggeshall, let us allow him to conduct us thither, and tell us what he can find of interest in a place which the rest of the universe has agreed to forget since the days of Ralph.

He considers it "an interesting spot to visit, even if one disregards the history and traditions of the place." He admires the old chapel of St. Nicholas and the remains of the Cistercian Abbey, but most of all "the old dwellings of the clothiers in the town." Then turning round he takes in the history and traditions, and finds "much worthy of consideration." The sixth abbot was that Ralph whose chronicle tells us nearly all we know of the wonderful career of Cœur de Lion. Besides Ralph, Coggeshall boasts of another chronicler, Joseph Biston, whose diary extends from 1672 to 1699. Mr. Barrett pushes his researches into the history of the long extinct cloth trade; and even tells us about the image-breakers under Henry VIII., and the Protestant martyrs under Mary. The parish church is one of the few dedicated, like the church of the Tower of London, to St. Peter "ad Vincula." "Vincula Petri" fell on the 1st August, and the dedication is rare in England and well worth noticing. The church is large and lofty, but Mr. Barrett does not admire the tower, "though in Coggeshall itself it is treason to say so." The most important features are the monuments of the clothiers. "I have not seen," says Weever, "such rich monuments for so mean persons." Mr. Barrett enters at some length into the biography of one Dr. Aylett, who lived in the reign of Charles I., and was vicar of Coggeshall. There is a good description of the Abbey buildings that remain, together with pretty sketches and an etching of the gateway of Thomas Paycocke's house, built in the reign of Elizabeth, but before the Gothic tradition was extinct. There are some curious extracts from the *Chronicon* as to superstitions in the thirteenth century, and particulars of a man-fish, who appeared to be a human being, and was caught in a net; and of a pale green boy and girl "who came from out of the earth." Furthermore, we have a familiar spirit, which conversed in the local dialect, as well as in English and Latin, and disputed with the chaplain of Sir Osborne de Bradwell. Finally, Mr. Barrett explains to us what is a "Coggeshall job." Stories of "jobs" resemble the stories told in Wiltshire of "moonrakers." A man was told to transplant an apple tree. He cut it down first, to facilitate the "job." So, too, another Coggeshall native suggested that, to prevent people being run over by trains, "the engines should always be fenced in, for

then the public would be safe on the other side." When we add that the other chapters are quite as amusing, and as well illustrated as this one, we have said enough to recommend Mr. Barrett's book.

INVERTEBRATE PHYSIOLOGY.*

WITH every wish to deal indulgently with a book which is to a great extent a pioneer in the line of which it treats, we find ourselves, after reading the greater part of Dr. Griffiths's *Physiology*, unable to recommend it in any way. The author has really hardly grappled with the subject at all; it is invertebrate physiology only in the applied sense of the adjective; for it is not too much to say that the "phagocyte theories," which play so important a part in pathology as well as in physiology, are the backbone of the physiology of invertebrates. And to this important matter we do not find even so much as a passing reference in the book before us. There are, unfortunately, other indications that the author is but imperfectly acquainted with the large and rapidly increasing literature of the subject. Thus, with regard to chlorophyll, Dr. Griffiths hardly attempts to put before the reader his view, or any one's view, of the much-vexed question of "Symbiosis"; there is nothing said of Professor v. Graff's experiments upon the physiological value of chlorophyll in the green Hydra; nor is there any reference to Professor Geddes's discovery that the little marine worm—with a name, *Convoluta Schultzei*, so disproportionate to its size—gives off free oxygen when it is exposed to the sunlight. It is true that subsequent investigations have rather tended to the conclusion that the green cells of this Planarian worm are parasitic algae; but no account of animal chlorophyll should be given without entering into these questions of symbiosis. Dr. Schunck's name does not occur in the index; and we may remind the author that he has done a great deal of work in the chemical composition of vegetable chlorophyll, which must clearly have a bearing upon animal chlorophyll also. Important physiological facts and suggestions are to be found in Dr. Hugo Eisig's *Monographie der Capitelliden*; this name, too, is most unaccountably absent from the index. In fact, the omissions are so conspicuous and so numerous that a bare list of them would occupy a good deal more than the rest of this review; nor does the very complete list which the author gives of his own contributions to the subject (some of which, however, we admit to be not unimportant) make up for this deficiency.

Dr. Griffiths prefaces his account of the physiology of the various organs with some account of the anatomy and histology of the said organs. The anatomical portion, however, chiefly consists of strings of quotations cemented together by a certain amount of interstitial substance, which, as is usually the case with interstitial matter, is colourless and structureless. We have not identified, except in a few cases, the sources whence the quotations are taken; but it is quite clear that they cannot in every case be perfectly trustworthy authorities; for example, on p. 201, with reference to the circulatory system of the Mollusca, Dr. Griffiths quotes some one to the effect that the blood vascular system communicates directly with the exterior by way of the organs of Bojanus! The author's own knowledge of Zoology is certainly peculiar; and when on rare occasions he abandons his favourite system of shifting the responsibility of a statement by quoting from the writings of others it is not always with a happy result. With regard to the earthworm (p. 189) he writes, "between the seventh and tenth segments the dorsal vessel becomes dilated into what is known as the 'hearts' of Lumbricus." The way of putting it is not elegant, and there is no need to italicize the error. On the same page, a little higher up, it is written, "The dorsal vessel (which is contractile, and consequently drives the blood from behind forward)," &c.: this phrase is not by any means the only one in the book which illustrates the confused way in which the author writes; thus on p. 191 it is said that the vascular system is not complete in any invertebrate, but that somewhere or other it communicates with spaces bounded by no membrane which are part of the general body cavity; whereas on p. 187 it is rightly said that in annelids the vascular system is shut off from the perivisceral cavity. It would be difficult to extract much meaning from the following (p. 256):—"The nephridia of *Hirudo* are covered with a pigmented connective tissue. These pigments are, no doubt, the histohæmatins of Dr. C. A. MacMunn, for he says, 'I have found that throughout the whole animal kingdom in each tissue and organ there are present colouring matters.'" It should be explained that it is Dr. Griffiths who is possibly guilty of leaving out the context, which might perhaps explain this mysterious statement.

* *The Physiology of the Invertebrata*. By Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), F.C.S. London: L. Reeve & Co. 1892.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH the stop of the Paris presses during the summer is almost more decided than that of our own, there is usually some attempt made to provide pastime for those who take or enter the waters; and some more or less eminent hands—"Carmen Sylva," Mme. Henry Gréville, M. Paul Marguerite—have published novels which we may notice more at length next week. But another and more regular event of August, the *Album Caran d'Ache* (Paris: Plon), claims earlier notice. We are not certain that this agreeable designer's admirers will not indulge for his benefit in some of the customary ingratitude about repetition, exaggeration, and the like. What is more important, we are not sure that they will not be justified to some extent in doing so, though the volume is, it is hardly necessary to say, amusing enough. It starts with a terrible illustration of the wrongs and the vengeance of the Paris cabman when he is hired *à la course* to go to the Cimetière Montparnasse. Then we have our old friends, the English couple, who visit the desert on a camel, and tether him while they lunch under an umbrella. They are charged on this occasion by a lion, and we are inclined to think that M. Caran d'Ache has more than atoned for the teeth, the garments, and the boots with which he has *affublé* them by the placid and immovable courage with which, even when their inevitable umbrella is overthrown, they front the king of beasts and scare him away—whether by their ugliness, their oddity, their sangfroid, or the offer of the leg of a British fowl, he who reads may decide for himself. The frightful consequences of visiting a painter of birds with a too zealous and accomplished retriever in your company are next portrayed, and after them a stirring Romance of Dynamite. The most extravagant farce of the book follows in the shape of a "Pêche au caïman," the implements being an ingeniously tampered-with culverin, furnished with a padlocked muzzle-lid instead of a tompon, and a decoy-dog of Caran d'Ache's peculiar breed of quasi-dachshund. It is well known that alligators and crocodiles both are very Chinamen in regard to the attractions of puppyment, but the exact form of the sport shall not be here revealed. The "Petit serpent malicieux" is agreeable, and the "Général et cerf volant" most unexpected; but the "Lapin fantôme" is not very funny, and "Le chef-d'œuvre attendu" might be better. In pure extravaganza, perhaps, the caïman hunt is matched by the history of the horse, Snob, who, passing from the stables of the great into the hands of a nobody, was so scandalized at his rider's want of *ténue* that he first threw him, and then, by ingenious grooming, turned him into a cavalier of such smartness that an heiress insisted on marrying him. No Englishman need object to the Dial formed by the "Ombre du drapeau anglais." But we must not spend any more space on the little book, which is funny enough, if with a fun the extreme mannerism of which rather hurts it when it comes periodically.

The latest number of the *Artistes célèbres* (Paris: Allison) is M. Emile Michel's "Les Vandeveldes," wherein those who have but a vague idea of the painters hit at in the first half of Mr. Ruskin's petulant phrase, "the Van-somethings and Back-somethings," may enlarge their information and sharpen their criticism. Even in a country where the arts were so much of an hereditary profession as in the Low Countries, the family of the Van de Velde was astonishingly prolific in persons of remarkably various powers and kinds of talent. Founded by a plain writing-master, it gave birth, in the course of about a century, to the quaint cuts of Esaias (one of these given here supplies in separate compartments a murder, the finding of the body, the portraits of the persons concerned, and the breaking of the criminals on the wheel), the more highly-finished and original engraving of Jan, the sea-pieces, peaceful or warlike, of Willem the younger (the Van de Velde best known to most people), and the landscapes and animals of Adrian, besides minor things from minor members. All these things are well represented here, especially, as might be expected, the two last. But, perhaps, nothing is more effective than the "Witch" of Jan, a piece of *diablerie* which, without having seen the original, we should take to be one of the best of its kind. The composition is remarkable, and the figure and attitude of the very desirable sorceress on one side of the cauldron, the knot of fantastic *diablotins* (most of them smoking pipes) on the other, the goat (a noble beast), the background of sky and trees, make a most excellent whole.

The schoolbook-maker for the most part just now, hushed in grim repose awaits his autumn prey, and has not yet taken active measures against these little victims; but some of his tribe are more active. There is an addition to Messrs. Percival's series of Intermediate texts in the shape of MM. Legouvé and Labiche's *La cigale chez les fourmis*, edited by Mr. Witherby. We have

also a seventh edition of *First Steps to English* (Hachette), by M. A. Bernon, and an attempt to explore in French and English the mazes of Shall and Will by the same author and from the same publishers. M. Bernon, who seems to have had much teaching experience in the bilingual society of Mauritius, has guided himself through the labyrinth with a good deal of skill, and though we cannot undertake to act as referees or guarantors of detail in such a matter as this, we have not noticed any serious error in his versions—versions which, it must be remembered, would in almost every case expose such an error on one side or the other. He has, however, been led, we think, by some modern English grammarians into an attempt at too great nicety. For there is a certain class of phrase in which "shall" and "will" are equally right, or differentiated only by such a narrow shade of meaning on the part of the speaker that they are almost interchangeable. Thus it is almost impossible for the greatest purist to decide between "When shall you go to bed?" or "When will you go to bed?" though a very minute philosopher might say that the latter is right when the intention of the person addressed is most considered, and the former when the bare fact of the action is before the mind.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOME four years since the Rev. M. C. F. Morris appealed by letter to his brother Yorkshiremen to assist him in collecting illustrations of Yorkshire speech, as spoken in the North and East Ridings, and the results of that appeal are embodied, with his own specimens, orally collected during many years, in *Yorkshire Folk-Talk* (London: Frowde; York: Sampson). The scope of this volume, however, extends beyond the illustration of a local dialect. Mr. Morris deals with the whole subject in the form of a treatise, the aim of which is in part constructive. For example, etymology and grammar, and, above all, pronunciation—always an intractable matter—are considered with a good deal of minuteness. Altogether, some twelve hundred original specimens of the dialect are given, with a glossary of nearly four thousand words, which are very usefully classified by distinguishing marks as rare, common, fairly common, or obsolete. Among both words and idioms there are some, as Mr. Morris admits, that are by no means peculiar to Yorkshire. The word "roupy," or "roopy," for instance, we have heard in districts far removed from Yorkshire, and not from the lips of Yorkshiremen. "To have inserted those," remarks Mr. Morris, "which are peculiar to East Yorkshire only would have been well-nigh an impossibility." But why? The restriction might have added, in one way, to the difficulty of his task, yet since Mr. Morris was treating of a dialect, it should also have simplified his subject. But we are not disposed to dwell on what is, after all, a debatable point in a work that fulfils the main end in view as completely as *Yorkshire Folk-Talk*. The collection of specimens of local speech is exceedingly interesting, and by an admirable arrangement of the material the book has the great merit of being thoroughly readable. Thus at the same time the characteristics of the dialect are richly illustrated; the specimens are so arranged as to be representative, separately, of the humour, caution, reserve, forthrightness, and general expressions of Yorkshiremen; their superstitions and customs; the peculiarities of their place-names and topographical terms. Character, not merely characteristics of speech, is fully revealed in these racy illustrations. "Our dialect has power," Mr. Morris justly observes, "but for this it gets but little credit with the outside world"—which we venture to doubt—"nor will it, till some Yorkshire Burns or Barnes is raised up to show it to the world in whatever of force or beauty belongs to it." This is surely a very dubious matter. Mr. Morris omits to note that the Lancashire people, every whit as shrewd and canny as the Yorkshire folk, have in Edwin Waugh a poet who deserves to rank with the Dorsetshire poet. Mr. Morris tells some stories of the extreme "practicality" of the Yorkshireman, his circumspection with regard to affairs of the pocket, and the like. Deep hid was the natural affection of the man who was called upstairs to see his dying wife of a sudden, and had no answer to make but "Whya, whya, bud ah mun a'e mi tea." Another touching example relates to a family bereavement:—"Aw, ma'am, he's lost two pigs an' two childer! He takes on wean'tly about t' childer; bud as ah says tiv him, niver heed about t' childer; they're a deal better off 'an iver thoo can deea for 'em; bud, ma'am, ah is sorry about t' pigs! he scratted an scratted ti git 'em up, an' they were wo'th two pund a-piece, an' noo they've becah on 'em deea." The mistakes of the Southron are, of course, not omitted from Mr. Morris's illustrations. But Mr. Morris is inaccurate in stating that people in the South

pronounce "cough" as "cauf," and the lady of his ludicrous story (p. 199) must have been a cockney of a pronounced type. Of the amusing confusion of "saim" (lard) and "same"—both words pronounced "seam"—exemplified at p. 191, we remember a specimen many years ago in the Whitby district. A woman was charged by a benighted Southerner with selling spurious butter. It was long before the invention of margarine and the passing of the Adulteration Acts. Her answer was that she had cried her wares correctly as "butter outside and saim in."

A Mendip Valley, by Theodore Compton (Stanford), is a new and enlarged edition, with illustrations, of *Winscombe Sketches*, published some twenty years since. Winscombe and its neighbourhood represent the chief characteristics of the Mendip Hills very effectively, and Mr. Compton's notes on the people, scenery, history, and natural products are pleasant reading. In its present form his work has several new features of interest. The drawings of Mr. Edward T. Compton are worthy of comparison, as book-illustration, with the work of the old water-colour men. The larger landscape drawings are especially charming. They have true topographical quality, as artists esteem it, and show a fine feeling for local truth—not in the hard photographic copyist's way, of which we have too much in these days, but in the true Girtinesque style—and are admirably reproduced and printed. Mr. Lloyd Morgan's retrospective sketch of the geology of the Mendip country and the chapters on the fauna and flora are additional attractions to the volume. In some respects it is a pity Mr. Compton has not given us the history of a parish instead of the outlines of one, and observed the impeccable model Gilbert White's book affords more closely. He is too apt to fall into a tumid strain of moralizing and an irritating flow of elegant poetical extracts.

Of the beautiful reissue of Jane Austen's novels, to be completed in ten volumes, we have *Pride and Prejudice* (Dent & Co.), two volumes, edited by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, with illustrations in photogravure after drawings by Mr. W. C. Cooke. With these dainty books at hand, lovers of Jane Austen must feel with the poet, "My love in her attire doth show her wit, it doth so well become her." A prettier set of volumes has not come from the press in our time.

The new volume of Peacock, the last of Dr. Garnett's edition—*Calidore*, &c. (Dent & Co.)—is miscellaneous, and full of interesting matter. Peacock's "Calidore," like Keats's, is a fragment of a romance, exceeding rich in promise, and highly characteristic. What there is of it is now printed for the first time, and there is enough of it to move all Peacockians to regret the lack of more. "The Four Ages of Poetry" and the "Horæ Dramaticæ" are, of course, well known. The delightful sketch entitled "The Last Day of Windsor Forest" was contributed some few years since by Dr. Garnett to the *National Review*, and "Some Recollections of Childhood" appeared originally in *Bentley's Miscellany*. To these are added some interesting recollections of the author by Sir Edward Strachey, whose father was associated with James Mill and Peacock in the business of the East India Company. It seems from these notes that the satirical sketch of MacCulloch, that "genial economist," as Lord Houghton called him, has a certain basis, and the amusing dialogue about the "infancy of society" is literally reproduced from facts.

The new volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine Library* (Elliot Stock) deals with "English Topography," one of the most fruitful sections of work prescribed by Mr. G. L. Gomme's very useful enterprise. The extracts given relate to the counties of Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, and Cornwall, and form a representative and, with a full index, a very serviceable selection of historical and antiquarian notes.

Devoted to the study of the past though it be, *The Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) continues to blend with its own natural province a considerable amount of comment upon matters current in the form of reports of local societies, antiquarian news, and so forth. The magazine presents, as magazines should, various points of interest to various kinds of readers. The "Notes on Archaeology in Provincial Museums," for example, by Mr. Robert Blair, the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, and others, deal with the present condition of things in local museums, and should interest many who are not professed antiquarians.

The Rev. J. Cave-Browne's *History of Boxley Parish* (Maidstone: Dickinson), a portion of which, relating to the Cistercian Abbey of Boxley, was contributed to the *Antiquary*, deals with a parish that is exceptionally rich in historical associations, and shows not a little painstaking research.

A luxuriance of phrase that may fairly be called tropical is the chief mark of *Sonnets, Songs, and Laments*, by Cara E. Whiton-Stone (Boston: Cupples). "Great vivid moons," "fiercest languors," "heavens in a blue ecstasy," "shadow-

hearted splendour," are somewhat too frequent in the poet's liberal song. Interludes there are in the exuberant and exultant mood of the singer where a more tempered style proves more effective. But such interludes are few.

Edie, the Little Fowdelling; and other Poems, by L. S. (Digby, Long, & Co.), is an artless production, the simplicity of which is well denoted by the opening verses—"A simple tale I will relate"—which tell of Edie, a little girl lost one Fifth of November:—

'Tis of a gentle baby girl,
A tiny waif and stray,
Who floated down the stream of life
One bleak November day.

Round Southwold, by C. R. B. Barrett (Lawrence & Bullen), is the first of a series of sixpenny illustrated guides, and is altogether a capital companion for the visitor to Southwold, Walberswick, Blythburgh, and the adjacent parts. Mr. Barrett's account of this attractive region is pleasant reading, and the drawings are excellent.

Among new editions we note Mr. Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, in two volumes (Macmillan & Co.); *Tom Brown's School Days*, "Golden Treasury" series (Macmillan & Co.); *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with the illustrations and introductions by Charles Dickens the younger, reprinted from the first edition (Macmillan & Co.); the *Bijou Byron*, Vol. X., containing "Don Juan," *Cantos I.-III.*, with the original and other notes (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); Mr. W. F. Kirby's *Entomology*, an elementary text-book (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), with a new appendix and a complete index; *Elements of Magnetism and Electricity*, by John Angell, F.C.S., revised and partly rewritten (Collins, Sons, & Co., Lim.); *The Maid of Killeena*, by William Black (Macmillan & Co.); and the eighth and enlarged edition of Mr. Reginald Palgrave's very useful and concise manual, *The Chairman's Handbook* (Sampson Low & Co.).

We have also received Mr. Almaric Rumsey's *Handbook for Employers and Employed* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Monfort*, a biography, by a Secular Priest, in two volumes (Art and Book Co.); *Hades and Beyond*, by David Wardlaw Scott (Clarke & Co.); *Man's Great Charter*, by Frederick Ernest Coggin, M.A. (Nisbet & Co.); *The Irish Peasant*, a sociological study, by a Guardian of the Poor (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *In the Track of the Russian Famine*, by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts (Fisher Unwin); *On the Principle of Wealth-Creation*, by F. W. Bain, M.A. (Parker & Co.); the *Report of Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute, 1891-92*, with papers by Mr. W. E. Maxwell, Sir Edward Braddon, Professor Anderson Stuart, Canon Beanlands, and others; *A Synoptical Geography of the World* (Blackie & Son); *Algebra for Beginners*, by Messrs. H. S. Hall and S. R. Knight (Macmillan & Co.); *Excelsior*, by James Platt (Simpkin & Co.); *Heads, and what They tell Us*, by W. Pugin Thornton, new edition (Sampson Low & Co.); *In Beaver Cove, and Elsewhere*, by Matt. Crim (Edinburgh: Douglas); *The Cruise of the "Tomahawk"*, by Mrs. Leith-Adams (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Poems of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer*, rendered into English verse by Mason Carnes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Cardinal Newman as a Musician*, by Edward Bellasis (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); and *Two Present-day Questions*, Sermons on Biblical Criticism and the Social Movement, by W. Sanday, D.D. (Longmans & Co.).

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